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GUSTAV MULLINS.

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Ryde.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON BIG GAME SHOOTING, VIENNA

WE would wish to call the special attention of British big-game sportsmen to the International Congress on Big-game-shooting, which is to be held at Vienna from September 5th to the 7th, in connection with the Sports Exhibition in that city, and we do so in the earnest hope that this country may be represented at the meeting in a manner worthy of the importance of the occasion and of the sporting reputation enjoyed by Great Britain on the Continent and particularly in Austria. We have reason to believe that an invitation has been received by the British Government, through the usual diplomatic channels, to send official representatives to attend the Congress. We much hope the invitation will be accepted, and though at present we are not in a position to say whether this will be so or not, we desire to emphasise with all the force at our command the fact that, apart from any official action that may be taken by the Government, the Congress offers an opportunity to British sportsmen, collectively and individually, to testify by their presence the mutual regard and feeling of cordial amity which

should exist, and does exist, between them and their Austro-Hungarian comrades. There are no better sportsmen in the world than our friends in Vienna and Budapest. Many of them are personally well known among us, and they would warmly appreciate the compliment paid them by the visit on this special occasion of some of our leading big-game-hunters. The organisers of the Congress are most anxious that the gathering should be a success. We have been asked to cause the attention of circles interested to be drawn to it with a view to securing their participation, and we write this notice feeling assured that the invitation will be responded to in this country in the same generous spirit in which it is issued. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the Shooting and Sports Exhibition with which the Conference is associated is the first exhibition of the kind in which the British Government has taken part as a Government, and it is but right and fitting that it should be manifest that its action in this matter, as to the merit of which there can be no question, is one that has received the thorough approval of those most interested. Of course, the fine collection of trophies in the British Pavilion does in a way demonstrate this; but, on the other hand, would it not be a wise as well as a graceful act if one or two of our representative big-game-hunters were to give appreciative expression to the fact during the discussions at the Conference?

The programme of the Congress embraces a variety of topics, some of which possess a peculiar interest for British sportsmen, and it would be deplorable if conclusions were arrived at without a voice from this country being heard. For instance, there will be a discussion on the question of an international understanding with a view to standardising the weights and measurements of sporting guns, gunpowder and shot, and another on the international significance of big-game-shooting from the point of view of the conditions prevailing in different countries. The importance of game as a national food supply, the protection of birds, especially game-birds, by international action, and the advantage to Governments of hunting and shooting from the aspect of finance and national economy, are all subjects, to mention only a few, on which British sportsmen could speak with the knowledge derived from long experience and with the personal interest attaching to conditions obtaining in lands within the British Empire.

The personnel of the committee of the Congress is representative of all that is best in Austro-Hungarian sporting circles. We have only to mention that Prince Charles Kinsky has accepted the Presidency to be assured of this. Our readers need not be reminded of Prince Kinsky's (he was Count Kinsky then) victory on his own horse Zoedone in the Grand National in 1883, and it is welcome news that he intends to renew his active association with the English Turf. France will be strongly represented at the Congress, and Germany, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland and other countries are participating. We shall, no doubt, have some representatives, but we should like to see Great Britain first in this field, and for this reason we appeal to our big-game sportsmen to make an effort to be at Vienna from September 5th to the 7th, even if it be at some personal inconvenience. At the last moment we are gratified to learn that Mr. R. J. Cuninghame, who so successfully conducted Mr. Roosevelt's recent expedition through Central Africa, is contributing to Section I. of the Congress an important paper on "The International Aspect of Hunting," and that Mr. R. B. Woosnam, leader of the British Museum Expedition to Mount Ruwenzori and a field naturalist with a keen love for game animals, has written a paper on "What Constitutes a Good Sportsman?" These titles suggest capital subjects for most interesting discussions, in which the representatives of all the countries we have named may usefully take part, while the interchange of ideas cannot but be of mutual benefit. It is of interest to mention that the official languages of the Congress will be German and French, but arrangements have been made to translate into French, as the language of diplomacy, papers written in other languages; and as regards English, it would be difficult to meet the Austrian or Hungarian sportsman who is not familiar with our tongue. As a matter of fact, English is frequently used by them in the home, and English sporting terms and words form part of their vocabulary. Further, we would urge that such gatherings as these are of use because they provide a meeting-ground for persons having a similarity of tastes and pursuits in common, hailing from foreign lands, to come together to make one another's acquaintance, and the meetings thus help to promote and foster international goodwill. Moreover, acquaintance commenced in this way often develops into lifelong friendship, and it is seldom, indeed, that one can look back at having participated in such an occasion with feelings other than those of pleasure and satisfaction.

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COUNTRY NOTES



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING nominally begins next Thursday. It will not be very general, for the obvious reason that a great quantity of corn still remains uncut on the land, and shooting on a large scale is out of the question. From the reports which we publish in another part of the paper, it will be seen that the partridge year has varied very much with the district. In the North the nesting season was dry and on the whole favourable. In the South and East a great deal of rain fell at the most critical moment, and the reports are very far from being optimistic. On the whole, however, we are inclined to think that, although 1910 will not be an average year for partridges, it will not fall very far below it if we weigh one district with another.

There is an aspect of the small holding question which is likely to attract attention now that partridge-shooting is commencing. This is the effect of the partition of land on sport. We have a case in mind which is probably typical of others. A landowner who had vainly offered the fields on the outskirts of his estate for small holdings was ultimately compelled to give a field near the centre, which was preferred because it was better land. In one way he has had nothing to complain of in the arbitration that fixed the rent. He says that this would have been perfectly satisfactory if the value of the land only were to be taken into consideration. Unfortunately, the little holding is placed in the middle of his shooting, and the tenant of the county council is determined to exercise to the full his legal right to shoot ground-game. Now, the discharge of a gun at frequent intervals in the evening before the regular shooting season commences is not in itself likely to attract game to the place, and the small holder having once begun to shoot, it is not possible to say where he will stop. To a man with a gun, game flying over his land is a very strong temptation. In this case the damage to the shooting is so serious that the landowner seriously thinks of giving up the preservation of partridges and pheasants altogether and taking to some other form of sport. It would be interesting to know if there are many others in the same position.

A very necessary circular has been issued by the Board of Agriculture to county councils and county boroughs in England and Wales in regard to the compensation clause of the Small Holdings Act which came into operation on August 3rd. It is a very proper enactment that when a tenant receives notice, in order that the land he has been cultivating should be divided among small holders, he should receive compensation. Several cases occurred last year in which considerable hardship was involved owing to the lack of this provision. The procedure laid down by the Act is very simple. The displaced tenant ought to make his demand for compensation to the council. The advice of the Board of Agriculture to the council under these circumstances is that when a tenant receives notice "the council should in all cases avail themselves of the opportunity which must be afforded by the tenant of making a valuation of the household goods, implements of husbandry, produce of farm stock proposed to be sold or removed." The outlay will be repaid to the council out of the Small Holdings Account.

Dublin Horse Show has always been a very popular institution, but this year its attractions seem to have been redoubled. Before the opening on Tuesday the cross-Channel steamers had been crowded, visitors arriving by the hundred from Glasgow, Liverpool, Holyhead and the Isle of Man. Railway companies, too, carried far more passengers into Dublin than they have done in any previous year. It has been asked why the popularity of the meeting has so much increased. It is scarcely due to the enhanced interest in the exhibits at Ball's Bridge. Ireland has always been a land famous for its horses and also for its judges of horseflesh. The managers of the show have during the years of its existence achieved the very difficult task of combining a fashionable meeting with a most useful exhibition of horses. Irishmen claim, and not without a good show of reason, that there is no country in the world in which hunters and thorough-bred stock do better than in their moist land, and the animals shown at Ball's Bridge every year go a long way to substantiate the accuracy of this claim.

When these notes come to be read the cricketing world will be within measurable distance of the last over in the County Championship. Indeed, some counties have already concluded their programmes for the year, and have, so to speak, arrived at the "close of play." Kent has been successful in holding the Championship, and no one will grudge this team its success. Kent, for many years past, has won the distinction of being the most sporting of the counties. The game has been played with a determination to win or lose, and these bold tactics have been thoroughly justified by the results. No doubt in cricket, as in every other game, there is a habit of winning, which, perhaps, is only another way of saying that victory brings with it renewed courage and self-confidence, and the audacity which often succeeds in converting a losing into a winning game. It cannot be said that Kent owes its successes to any particular attribute. The batting has been brilliant, and so also have been the bowling and the fielding.

THE HOLLOW WAYS OF SUSSEX.

Still as a mouse if you chance to sit
By a deep, deep lane in Sussex,
Where the trees grow arching over it,
You may hear the chink of a ghostly bit,
And watch the men and horses flit
Down the hollow ways of Sussex.

On a pitch black night, in a thick sea mist
They ran ashore in Sussex:
Yet you may know from the double twist
Of bloody rag round the Captain's wrist
That the revenue sharks were keeping tryst
In the lonely ways of Sussex.

For the King must seek what his lieges hide,
'Tis all fair game in Sussex:
A game that a man plays open-eyed,
With a cutlass swinging at his side,
And curious folk had best walk wide
Of the secret ways of Sussex.

Fainter grows their muffled tread,
And you wake from your dream of Sussex:
The last of the gentlemen is dead,
An arch of grass is o'er his head;
But who shall say that romance has fled
From the hollow ways of Sussex.

BERNARD DARWIN.

It is an excellent idea to offer prizes for the best designs for houses and cottages to be shown at the Town Planning and Modern House and Cottage Exhibition, which is to be opened next year at Gidea Park, Squirrel's Heath. A gold medal and two hundred and fifty pounds will be awarded for the best detached house the building cost of which is not more than five hundred pounds, and there will be a second prize of one hundred pounds. A gold medal and two hundred pounds will be given for the best design for a cottage. In this case the cost of erection is not to exceed three hundred and seventy-five pounds. There are prizes of fifty pounds for the best design to economise work and service, and builders will be encouraged by the offer of a gold medal and prizes of one hundred and fifty pounds for excellence of workmanship. As a further encouragement to architects it is stated that the directors of the Romford Garden Suburb will purchase twelve of the houses and cottages erected by exhibitors. If this scheme be well carried out it ought to stimulate the production of good plans.

Holiday-makers at Yarmouth had an opportunity on August 22nd of seeing the first great herring catch of the

season. Only the local fleet was out, but a very considerable catch was made, some of the boats bringing in as many as a hundred thousand herrings, which made from twenty-three to thirty-eight shillings per cran of a thousand fish. The beginning is very early, and is interesting as showing the gradual change that is taking place in the habits of the herring, which every year tends to visit the East Coast a little earlier. Usually the season does not begin until September, but we may be sure that the news of this catch, travelling northward, will soon bring down the Scottish fleet, with its accompaniment of salters and fisher-lassies, who add so much to the picturesqueness of Yarmouth in the autumn. The motor-driven herring-boat is now a common part of the fleet.

As the railway companies appear just now to be in a reforming mood, it is greatly to be wished that they would revise the arrangements in connection with the Friday to Tuesday ticket. This plan was brought into operation at first to meet the wants of people who were going for a short holiday. But since then times have completely changed, and those who take most advantage of the tickets are those who are popularly called "week-enders," that is to say, people who make a regular practice of spending their week-ends in the country. Now the railway companies have entirely failed to adjust their arrangements to these new conditions. The short holiday-maker of twenty years ago was quite content to accept a Friday to Tuesday ticket; but the week-end would very much prefer to have the days at the other end, that is to say, a Thursday to Sunday night or Monday ticket. We venture to think that this would meet the convenience of the vast majority of those who make use of the cheap excursion ticket to the country.

Another reform that would greatly conduce to the popularity of railway companies is the institution of third-class sleeping carriages. At present a sleeper is the exclusive luxury of the first-class passenger, and it is not much of an exaggeration to say that it is the only luxury allowed him. For all practical purposes a passenger is as comfortable in a third-class carriage as he is in a first-class carriage; and where there are dining-carriages there is very little indeed to choose between the two classes. But on a long night journey there is no comparison between the comfort of the occupant of a sleeper and the unfortunate individual who has to pass away the weary hours on the hard seat of a third-class carriage. It cannot be for want of room that the railway companies withhold this concession, because in the long-distance trains, where only the sleeper is needed, there are usually a large proportion of third-class carriages empty, or nearly so. It would be an act of grace, therefore, and at the same time, in all probability, a profitable reform, if the railway companies were to grant the use of one side of a third-class compartment in return for a reasonable addition to the fare.

The month of August has become so inevitably associated with recreation that it is sometimes forgotten that to a few this month brings with it the most continuous and exacting work that they may ever have to perform. Candidates for the Home and Indian Civil Services, the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service have been "cramming" desperately for some months past, and in August have to sit for an examination which, owing to the unequal distribution of the papers, is spread over a month or six weeks. During those summer months when as much fresh air should be obtained as possible and outdoor life is the pleasantest, the candidates are called upon to perform intellectual work of the most exhausting kind. With a little rearrangement of the dates, the examinations might easily be held at a more convenient season. At present they are tests rather of physical endurance than of intellect.

"The picturesque usurpation of the ivy" is the subject of a leader in which *The Times* drives home certain doctrines which have often been preached in these columns. These are, briefly, that the use of ivy is to cover up the mean architecture that was characteristic of the latter part of the nineteenth century, and that its misuse is to let it grow on those noble buildings that have come down to us from the past. Much sentimentality clings round "the ivy-mantled tower," but, in point of fact, if this destructive plant is allowed freedom of growth it will not only hide the most beautiful walls, but eventually cause cracks and fissures in them which must end sooner or later in the ruin of the building. Ivy cannot be allowed to grow where "it can either hide or injure any existing feature of interest, or where it might impede excavations." It is very properly pointed out that the roots of yew and rowan, trees so often planted near houses, are scarcely less destructive.

A correspondent writes: "The other day in Carlisle I could not help contrasting the market in that little town with your description of the same kind of thing at Buckingham. The scenes were like and yet unlike. In every county town one meets the same fresh healthy faces with an individuality more marked than in cities. One finds, too, the same keenness and hardness in buying and selling. Your countryman, whether he hails from the banks of the Thames or those of the Eden, knows the exact value of sixpence; but there are peculiarities about the North Country people that have passed away from the rest of England. For example, a great number of those who come in from the country, and a considerable proportion of those who reside in the town, still wear wooden clogs, faced in many cases with brass. Clogs as footwear have been practically given up on the East Coast, where they used to be worn regularly in winter. It was a novelty to hear their clatter on the stones in summer.

"Another article of clothing that has become obsolete elsewhere is still worn by the old women who from Solway Moss drive their little pony-carts full of peat into the streets. This is that description of sun-bonnet which was known commonly in Northumberland as the 'Ugly' and also as the 'Bongrace.' It used to be the characteristic headgear of the bondagers, or working-out women, that under another name still do a large proportion of the agricultural labour of the North. Many of the little people who bring their eggs and their chickens, their flower honey and their heather honey, their plums and pears and apples, to the market carried their produce in that elongated basket known as a 'Swill.' These were generally full of dairy and garden produce and were beautifully packed. Carlisle is happy in the possession of a most commodious covered market, which on Saturdays is full of the wives and daughters of small holders and so forth, making a delightful gathering of faces, some of which are fresh and bloomy, others keen and wintry, but all bear traces of exposure to sun and wind and rain."

TO THE SUMMER.

We have read, in the story-books olden,
Of years gone by,
That the sun of the summer was golden,
And blue was the sky;
The girls were all silky and frilly
In lace and delaine,
Ere the months of long days had turned silly
Sad summer of rain!

Ah, year that no locust hath eaten,
(But that fishes may drink)
Not oft has thy record been beaten
For moisture, I think.
Must we look to November for gladness
To pay for thy pain—
Thy rubber-clad, damp-footed sadness—
Long summer of rain! JOHN F. HAVLOCK.

Those who have been engaged in the controversy about the most beautiful word have missed the point. Words are not in themselves intrinsically beautiful. They were coined for purposes of utility, and it is only the imagination of man, or what we call poetry, that lends them beauty. But it is to be noted that the glow of imagination lightens up what is common as much as what is uncommon. If you take Tennyson's line, "When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home" it will be noticed that such a common word as "drew" is suddenly invested with most stately beauty. It makes us see the ship emerging from the distance, and see the human soul emerging in the same way. Another word of the same poet, "immemorial," in the famous line "The moan of doves in immemorial elms," again owes its beauty to the poet.

It is easy to find examples of the same kind. For instance, the most celebrated of the poems that Robert Burns addressed to Clarinda, who is just about to have a monument set up to her in Edinburgh, is "Ae fond kiss and then we sever." But how few would remark, until their attention had been called to it, the unexpected and beautiful use of the word "sever." Sir Walter loved the poem, but most for the touching quatrain beginning "Had we never loved so blindly." Still more striking examples can be obtained from the most brilliant of Burns's predecessors, William Dunbar, as when "Deid" tells him in the poem "And at my lyntall sall thou lout." The word "lout," meaning to bow, is almost obsolete, but the exquisite precision with which it is used in this line is the secret of its beauty. There are a few words and phrases, such as the word "oblivion," and the phrase "Into thy eternal rest," which not even the dullard can deprive of their stately beauty.

THE TIME OF INGATHERING.

LAST week it became the business of the present writer to traverse a great part of England, starting at one of the Southern Counties and ending across the Border in Dumfriesshire. The landscape ought to have been highly inviting, because the journey was made in the middle of the harvest month, and, indeed, nothing could altogether do away with the beauty of the fields of ripening grain ready for the reaper. The estimates and forecasts of the harvest have been particularly optimistic in tone, and it must be said that the general appearance of the crops was good enough. Here and there wheat may be a little short, and, undoubtedly, it is very light in patches, but yet on the whole the fields look much better than might have been expected. If luck had brought an August that gave us anything approximate to the average weather of the month, it might well have happened that a bumper harvest might have been gathered in, but unfortunately this was not the case. There was not a day in which we were out that produced many consecutive hours of sunshine. The weather, it is true, was variable, and did not give that sodden moisture which is the most fatal of all for harvest operations. But if the day opened brightly,

In the month of June it was estimated to be far above the average crop, and no doubt the mixture of rain and sunshine which that month gave helped to produce a very splendid growth; but since then the weather has been continuously broken. A great deal of this hay could not be cut until it was over-ripe, which, of course, meant that it had lost a considerable part of its value; since that time it has lain on the ground and been periodically washed by floods of rain, so that it is doubtful if the value of the hay actually saved is more than fifty per cent. of the careful estimates that were made in June. Farmers are very much afraid that the same kind of thing is going to happen with the corn harvest. The forecasts all show that the crops are considerably above the average, but this is poor consolation to the husbandman who sees the fine grain every day losing something of its value, and is now doubtful whether he will be able to house it or not. He certainly does not feel half so sanguine as do the statisticians, who, sitting in their office, are able to demonstrate that he ought to do very well by his corn harvest this year. One wonders to what extent foreign conditions will be modified. It is certain that the



M. Emil Frechon.

HARVEST IN BRITTANY.

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and the forenoon was summer-like in character, it invariably happened that after one o'clock rainstorms began to come. Some of them were torrential in character; and whether one was travelling by train or passing quietly along the rustic lanes, the same spectacle presented itself to the eye—half-cut fields with the machinery standing idle beside them and horses and men alike driven to shelter. On one farm in Westmoreland something like a waterspout struck the wheatfields in the afternoon and transformed them into lakes, or, at least, marshes, where the nearly-cut grain half floated in water. It was a piteous sight, because in this particular instance the crop was very good indeed, and a little bit of luck would have enabled the farmer to save it. But this is only an extreme instance of what has been occurring everywhere. There is a glint of sunshine sufficient to allow cutting to proceed to a certain point and then a downpour of rain which brings work to a full stop. The weather has already succeeded in ruining the hay crop. Even as late as last Wednesday the elevators could be seen in one field piling the hay up on the ricks, while in another the ripe corn was falling to the clicking of the reaping-machine. This belated hay must have depreciated greatly in quality.

bad weather which we have had in this country has extended to many parts of Europe, and it scarcely seems credible that it will not to some extent affect the corn harvest. All the same, "Dornbusch" has given a detailed estimate that on the whole is not unsatisfactory. Europe falls short of last year by twelve and a-half million quarters, but it exceeds the average by fifteen million quarters. Looking at the countries in detail, the estimate for France is four million quarters less than the return of 1908, and nearly eleven million quarters less than the crop of 1909. We have to go back to the disastrous year of 1897 to find a state of things as bad in France; in that year it was found necessary to suspend the import duty on wheat during the months of May and June, and the importation of wheat was considerable. It is not reckoned that the harvest of the present year will be sufficient for the domestic supply, and we may, therefore, calculate upon France being a buyer of foreign wheat during the course of next year. In Hungary the harvest promises to be very much better than last year, but owing to inclement weather the Hungarian prospect has also very greatly deteriorated since the first estimate was formed; and should the rains continue, no doubt the surplus

will be still further diminished. The most serious falling off is, however, in Russia, which now ranks as one of the great supplying countries. Russia has been visited by more than its proper share of rain, and, unfortunately, a good deal of it came while harvest operations were proceeding. Last year the Russian crop was a record one; this year it is estimated as likely to be a falling off from 1909 but an improvement on 1908. Germany, Spain, Roumania, Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia all show prospects of a better crop this year than they had last. The United Kingdom is calculated to obtain a better harvest than that of 1908, but not so good as last year. On the whole, there is a falling off in Europe as compared with 1909 or 1908. We may be practically certain that no improvement will take place between now and the end of harvest. On the other hand, a continuance of bad weather would accentuate the shortages. The American supply is, of course, a highly important one. Over the whole of America a slight improvement is shown on 1908, but a considerable falling off compared with 1909. This state of things is emphasised in Canada, where an estimate of thirteen million quarters has to be compared with a yield last year of twenty millions eight hundred and forty-three thousand. In the United States, too, the falling off is very considerable, though not so great as in Canada.

Argentina promises to come out better than any other part of America, the estimate showing a marked increase over the yields of 1909 and 1908. In Asia it is satisfactory to know that the Indian crop promises to be a bumper one. The crop is one of the largest on record and a very great increase on the preceding years. Turkey, Persia and Japan show little change. In Africa the crop will be like what it was in 1909. In Australia there is a falling off as compared with last year and an improvement over its predecessor.

On paper, then, it would appear that the world supply of wheat in 1910 will be twenty million quarters short of what it was in 1909, and about four millions more than it was in 1908. No doubt "Dornbusch" is very careful in collecting statistics, and this estimate is certain to be near the facts, as the facts stand at present; but we have to remember that the ingathering



G. F. Grindrod

CUTTING WHEAT.

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of the harvest is still far from being completed, and probably the ultimate figures will show a shrinkage over those now put forward. In basing calculations upon these statistics we must also keep in mind the vast increase in the consuming population. This increase is not to be measured by the birth-rate only, or by the gain in population of Europe and America, but by the vast increase of consumers in countries like Japan,

China and India, where the simpler people of an earlier generation were very well content to feed on rice. The standard of living, not only among these Oriental nations, but also over great parts of Europe, necessitates a continuous increase in the wheat supply of the world, so that an increase of four million quarters on the year before last is really no more than is necessary. On the other hand, after a certain point has been reached in consumption, the tendency is for it to come to a standstill. But this principle applies only to a very few of the countries of the globe and does not yet affect the result to any substantial degree. It would appear, therefore, as extremely probable that the price of wheat in 1910-11 will be higher than it was in 1909-10.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

A WONDERFUL DAIRY COW.

WE are talking about our improved dairy shorthorns which are giving their thousand gallons in a year as if such a yield were quite phenomenal, but now it is cast into the shade by that of a cow whose owners claim for her the champion record of the world. She rejoices in the name of Missouri Chief Josephine, and in breed she is Holstein-Friesian. Now we have heard many of those tall American yarns about remarkable cows and other things, and have never felt called upon to accept them quite in their literal sense; but this information comes from a source from which we may expect accuracy, the Missouri College of Agriculture at Columbia being responsible for it. The college owns over three hundred pure-bred animals of seventeen different breeds, and careful trials and testings of yields are always being carried on with all the care such undertakings demand. On July 18th Josephine's trial had lasted six months, and in that time she gave a total of seventeen thousand and eight pounds, the equivalent of



C. Breach.

A TEAM OF OXEN IN SUSSEX.

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two thousand one hundred and eleven gallons. Even supposing that after such a half-year's work she was dried off, such a yield sounds staggering; but it is not stated that such was the case. On the other hand, nothing is said about the percentage of butter-fat, except that the milk was "daily increasing in richness." We should expect it to do so towards the end of the lactation period. If the milk contained only three per cent. of fat it would pass muster in England, and at eightpence per gallon would be worth seventy pounds. And our dairy-farmers are satisfied with twenty pounds for a year's return!

STATE OF THE SHEEP TRADE.

The steady advance in the value of fat sheep which took place in the early months of the present year led many farmers to hope that the high prices of 1906 and 1907 were about to return, and although the hope has not been fulfilled, the averages for the present year have, so far, been considerably better than those of 1909. The most striking feature of the trade of 1910 in British sheep and mutton has been its steadiness and the absence of anything like violent fluctuations. Since shearing-time and the end of the turnip season prices have varied very little, and have remained somewhere about halfway between the high figures of 1907 and the very low ones of 1909. Agriculturists who write reports to the papers complain generally that mutton is selling badly, and yet prime small Down sheep are fetching from eightpence-halfpenny to ninepence per pound. These two things do not seem to agree; but the discrepancy arises from great scarcity of "prime small" sheep. Very few farmers have any of this description to sell at this time of year, and the grass-fed wethers now coming out are mostly what are officially classed as "second quality," which sells at about sevenpence-farthing per pound. Store sheep and lambs are selling at very moderate prices,

remote possibilities. Since then matters have taken a more practical shape and events have marched rapidly. Only a few people, however, seem to realise what is going on and what the success of the projects now on foot would mean for British agriculture. The present position is something like this: The courageous enterprise of the Lincolnshire farmers last year, when they tried to float a company and failed to attract sufficient capital, proved a catastrophe for those concerned, and such a result was discouraging for further similar attempts. The very fact, however, that a body composed of some of the most intelligent and advanced farmers in England should have shown themselves so convinced of the possibilities attached to beet-sugar production that they were willing to risk several thousands in the preliminaries for forming a company, seems to have had the good effect of setting others thinking and inciting them to serious action. The Central Chamber of Agriculture has for years kept the sugar question before its members and has a special committee for dealing with it. The Chamber is a deliberative body, and defends the interests of agriculture in and out of Parliament. Its policy is directed apart from all party bias, and in that sense is purely non-political. Fiscal questions affecting sugar production have therefore had a deterrent effect on the adoption of any definite plan of action; but as time has passed the position has gradually become clearer. Foreign bounties, which proved fatal to the attempts which were made many years ago in Suffolk and Berkshire, have been practically discontinued, and meanwhile careful and repeated experiments have proved that our soil and climate are admirably adapted to the production of first-rate sugar beet. The Sugar Beet Committee has latterly found its feet planted on firmer ground, and the opinion of experts, both here and on



C. Reid, Wislaw, N.B.

DINNER-TIME.

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which should leave a fair margin for profit. This shows want of confidence in the future, and that the effects of the flock-owners' panic last year have not yet quite passed away.

THE SELF-BINDER AND THE COMING HARVEST.

The self-binding reaper is, undoubtedly, a great boon to the farmer. It has deprived many a labourer's family of a large slice of their extra harvest earnings; but that is an unfortunate result for which it is impossible to blame those who use it. It saves time as well as cost, and the rapid gathering of crops when ripe is the first consideration in our uncertain climate. The binder, however, has its drawbacks, and especially in the harvesting of barley in such a season as this. In the finest of seasons great caution is necessary. It will not do to begin cutting in the morning till the dew is quite dried up, or to continue in the evening after it has begun to fall, and this year the young clovers and rampant weeds will enormously increase the danger of damp sheaves, heated stacks and good barley spoiled for malting purposes. In many fields it would be safer to cut the barley with the old self-raking machine, turn the wads and stack the crop without binding. It may also turn out to be the quicker way if we get moderately good weather. Such a very small apparent difference of management often leads to a great one in the price of malting barley. I once had a field of thirty acres; one-third of it was mown with the scythe, one-third with the side-delivery reaper and the remainder cut with the reaping-hook by hand. It was all carted without rain; but the mown portion was so much more even in colour that it fetched two shillings per quarter more from the maltster.

PROGRESS OF THE SUGAR-BEET MOVEMENT.

Some months ago the subject of sugar beet was referred to in these pages; but at that time the rather desultory discussion dealt only with

the Continent, is confidently expressed that there is nothing to prevent the successful development of the industry in this country, if only sufficient capital be forthcoming to enable business to be started on comprehensive and safe lines. The question is therefore now narrowed down to one of ways and means, and there is no reasonable doubt that these will be provided; but there are rocks to be avoided, though we may be within sight of port. We have to beware of the professional company promoter with his underwriting discounts, and exploitation for private ends by "the City." All the money subscribed must go direct to the work of building factories, the establishment of plant and the purchase of roots. The producing as well as the manufacturing side has to be carefully studied, and contracts to ensure a sufficient supply of raw material for a stated period will be a vital necessity. It is generally agreed that it will take seventy thousand pounds available capital to start and properly conduct a factory, and in the light of this knowledge we are enabled to see the futility of a proposal launched a few weeks ago. A prospectus was issued asking for a capital of ten thousand pounds, and it is evident that such a sum would be utterly inadequate for serious purposes. To speak plainly, then, if an undertaking of this kind is to succeed it must be backed by names which are household words in the agricultural world; names which will be a guarantee of good faith, being those of men who are acting not for their own but the public good. Readers will be glad to know that such men are now prepared to come forward. The names of these gentlemen need not be mentioned, though their identity is a tolerably open secret; but matters have so far advanced in one of our southern counties that the provision of capital at the proper moment is assured, and all that is wanting for the commencement of activities is the certain provision of the necessary supply of roots.

A. T. M.



"WHERE THE FAR FIELDS FADE AND DIE
IN THE SHINING OF THE SKY."



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE TRIALS OF TONY. MAN PROPOSES

BY
J. STORER CLOUSTON.



"THEY'RE simply lovely!" cried Dinah.

She bent her graceful little figure till her nose was deep in the vase of flowers, and luxuriously drank in their fragrance.

"They are lovely," Lady Custerd agreed.

"How awfully nice of him," said the girl, with the faintest rise of colour.

"It's not everyone Tony honours with these attentions, I can assure you," smiled Lady Custerd; "in fact, I never knew him pick a flower before."

Lord Raymes's charming ward smiled too, but at the flowers, not Lady Custerd. She was only just eighteen, and she had never before received gifts from a tall young man with blue eyes and a brushed up moustache, and the son of a peer, moreover.

"He is such a dear boy!" said Lady Custerd.

She felt as pleased as the girl. Miss Dinah Lowndes was very rich indeed, and Tony's position critical. Surely, if the poor boy's luck were ever going to change, now was the time!

"I don't quite understand him," said Dinah, in a moment.

"Yes," his aunt admitted, "there's a wonderful depth in Tony's character."

"And yet I don't know that he strikes me as exactly deep."

"Oh, not in a bad sense! I only mean that he has a great deal in him." The girl seemed to muse.

"I suppose he must have," she said; "but, of course, I haven't had much experience of how to draw men out."

"That's the only reason, dear," Lady Custerd assured her with a confident smile. "But if you want a proof that he has *romance* in him, just look at these flowers!" With happy tact the good lady left her alone with this reflection.

On the stairs she met her brother-in-law ascending with a curiously stealthy tread, and apparently holding something concealed behind his back.

"Dinah seen the flowers?" he enquired, eagerly.

"Yes. Isn't it charming of Tony?"

He smiled strangely. "Devilish," he agreed.

"What are you holding behind your back?" she asked.

He looked round warily, and, discovering no one in sight, revealed another bouquet.

"At her age one can't pile it on too thick," he remarked.

Lady Custerd started. "What!" she cried. "You don't mean, Raymes—you can't mean it was you—?"

"My dear Gwendolen, you didn't suppose poor Tony had the sense to send her those flowers himself?"

"But, Raymes," she gasped, "that—that is deceiving the poor girl."

"All's fair in love," he quoted. "Take them!" he added, hastily, and thrust the bouquet into her hands.

A young man had just appeared. He was barely twenty, slender and pleasantly good-looking, with a diffidently well-bred manner. Lord Raymes regarded him coldly.

"Well, Lawrence," he enquired, "what are you doing this morning?" The young man's colour rose.

"Oh—er—nothing in particular," he hesitated.

"Why don't you get hold of Algie and have a game of billiards or try the golf course? If the mowing-machine's mended the greens ought to be cut this week."

Again the young man hesitated.

"Miss Lowndes spoke of playing golf—" he began.

"She is otherwise engaged," said his host, with disconcerting promptness; "go and try Algie."

The young man unhappily retired. He began to wish sincerely his father had not proposed to his old friend Lord Raymes that his son should spend a week with him. Admiral

Foster had thought it would be such a pleasant change for Lawrence from a summer vac. spent at the seaside. He would meet nice people, see good society and enjoy the enviable sensation of visiting a famous country house. But somehow or other the poor youth found himself apparently in everybody's way—except Miss Lowndes'. And circumstances seemed to conspire to keep him out of hers.

"That young fellow is getting on my nerves," said Lord Raymes. "What the deuce is one to do with him? He's shy of me, and he's too brainy for Tony and Algie, and as to letting him play golf with Dinah, I'm hanged if he's going to! Nature has given Tony quite enough to contend with. I wish, Gwendolen, you'd take him away and amuse him."

"But I don't amuse him," she replied.

"Damn!" said his lordship, irritably. With his customary politeness he immediately apologised for the slip.

"Though, at the same time," he said, "you must admit that marrying Tony is trying work. However, I think I've brought him up to the scratch at last."

"Really!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I'm so glad! I only hope he won't lose any more time."

"I have been perfectly frank with him," said his father.

"I told him plainly his only chance was to pot her sitting."

Lady Custerd opened her eyes.

"I wish you'd express yourself intelligibly, Raymes."

"I mean," he replied, "that he must bag her before she finds him out. No woman who knew poor Tony could ever conceivably marry him."

"You didn't tell Tony that, I hope!"

"I did. I've just spent the most refreshing half-hour in explaining Anthony to himself. He's got to pot the question before lunch or look for another father. That was my final ultimatum." This was one of the few occasions when Lady Custerd felt sincerely relieved to think that Raymes seldom meant exactly what he said.

Yet he had evidently reported his conversation with some approximation to accuracy, for when Tony regained the shelter of the billiard-room his first words were:

"Dear boy, I'm hooked at last!"

"Brave sportsman!" cried Algie. "No gettin' out of it this time; what?"

"It's my duty," replied Tony. "I've got to take the little girl, I'm afraid."

"Jolly rippin' little thing she is," said Algie, consolingly.

"Oh, rippin' and all that—yes. And the guv'nor seems keen on it."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, I dunno; he just jawed away. Sittin' up so late doesn't agree with me. I was half asleep all the time. The guv'nor's deuced borin' when he gets on the gas."

"You don't remember what he gassed about?"

"Not a word; except something about doin' it before lunch."

"Great news!" cried Algie.

At this point their councils were interrupted by the diffident young man. "Hullo!" said Tony, coldly.

Lawrence regarded them without enthusiasm.

"Neither of you wants to play billiards, I suppose?"

"Not me," said Tony.

"Nor me," said Algie.

"Care for golf?"

"Not much," said Tony.

"No thanks," said Algie. Lawrence turned away silently.

"We're trying to think," explained Tony.

Lawrence looked at him curiously.

"Do you find it difficult?" he enquired.

The twain watched his exit in silence. They remembered he was a scholar of Balliol, and made allowance for a certain insanity in his conversation. But as for treating him like a sportsman and human being, how was it possible?

"She's pots of money, I suppose," Algie resumed.

"Oh, pots."

"Lucky man!"

Tony smiled with lordly indifference. "All the same, it's desperate hard work proposin'," he remarked.

"At her like a sportsman! If you're in form, dear boy, it won't take you more than five minutes."

"I'm not at my best," the ardent lover confessed; "too beastly sleepy."

"Have a whisky and soda."

"Good idea!" He sauntered towards the door.

"They're stickin' her in the drawing-room—waitin' for me now, I suppose," he explained.

"Good luck!" cried Algie. "Play you a couple of hundred up when you come back; what?"

"Right you are; you can be spotting the red."

"There goes a deuced fine old-fashioned sportsman!" said Algie to himself, enthusiastically. "By Gad, he's the best I ever met!"

As her admirer entered the drawing-room Dinah looked up out of a very bright pair of eyes. She knew why she had been sent to violate the solitude of that apartment. In fact, she had merely been wondering when someone else was going to appear.

"Hullo!" said Tony, "you here; what? Fust rate!"

This was a dashing beginning, and fluttered the little lady's heart distinctly. A Napoleon among wooers had come to storm her fortress! Yet outwardly she remained demure.

"Yes," she smiled, "I am here."

"Right you are," quoth Tony. "Ha, ha! And so'm I. Rather a coincidence; what?"

Dashing as ever, she thought, yet somehow not quite so dangerous.

"I don't think it's so very extraordinary," she replied, and then realised with horror that this was a very ambiguous thing to say; it might be read as a tribute to her own charms!

"Well—ha—more or less, don't you know; what?"

She breathed more freely. He had let her off; yet was it through magnanimity alone?

"What do you mean by more or less?" she enquired, with a hint of twinkle in her eye.

"What do I mean? Oh, just what one—er—usually does mean, don't you know?"

She remembered his aunt's assurance. Could this be a first glimpse into the unplumbed depths of Tony's soul?

"You are too deep for me," she smiled.

"Deep; what? Me deep? Oh, hang it!"

He played with his virile moustache and gazed at her in silence out of those amiable blue eyes. Suddenly it seemed to her that their expression was remarkably like some animal's. What animal was it? She tried to think.

"Aren't you deep?" she enquired.

"Ain't I? Ha—well—I dunno."

She knew the animal now! It was a cow.

"Oh, by the way, thank you very much for the flowers," she said.

His eyes opened still wider. "Flowers? What d'ye mean? Rottin' me, are you; what?"

Her eyes began to open now.

"The lovely flowers you sent me—didn't you?"

Dimly he began to recall something his father had told him—something he was to be sure to remember. He wished he hadn't felt so infernally sleepy; he might have known what she was talking about.

"Oh—er—by Jove, yes—I know. The guv'nor mentioned—that's to say—h'm."

The most curious suspicion stole into Dinah's mind. She asked demurely:

"Did Lord Raymes pick the flowers for you?"

Tony was puzzled—positively puzzled.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Ha, ha, ha! I say, don't you know, that's going it pretty rapid! Ha, ha, ha!"

He flattered himself he had cleared that fence in pretty good style.

"What is the real name of those flowers?" she asked.

He went at it again courageously.

"Ha, ha, ha! Mean to say you don't know yourself; what? Ha, ha!"

"I only know the Latin name," she said, gravely. "What is the English?"

This was a dreadfully difficult jump. Again he stared; for quite a minute on end now. It was beginning to get embarrassing, when she was relieved to see the blue eyes blink. They blinked

again, and then closed altogether. His head fell forward and then jerked up again.

"Hullo!" he said. "Going off to sleep, by George. Ha, ha!"

Relentlessly she pushed him at the fence.

"You were telling me the name of those flowers."

"Flowers you say; what? They were—er—daisies—a kind o' daisies. No, by Jove, not that. Er—I say, I'm awfully sleepy this morning somehow."

Dinah's heart entirely ceased to flutter. She had discovered exactly what was in this dangerous Tony.

"Wouldn't you like to put up your feet on the sofa?" she suggested.

Her discoveries of his qualities were not yet at an end, she found. In simple good faith he threw up his legs and laid his head upon a cushion.

"Good idea!" he said. "I say, just give me forty winks and I'll be fresh as a bird. Don't go away—I've got something to say to you; but it'll keep for five minutes."

Within ten seconds of the cessation of his voice she heard the first snore.

For a minute or two Dinah sat studying her slumbering wooer with a very curious expression on her pretty face. She seemed to be reconsidering something. And then a shadow darkened the French window. She turned quickly.

"Hush!" she whispered.

It was the diffident young man who entered, but at the sight of Dinah his diffidence seemed forgotten in some stronger feeling. When he spied Tony this emotion in turn altered.

"What's happening?" he asked, with bated breath.

Dinah gave him a little look that uplifted Lawrence's heart strangely. She seemed to be dumbly appealing to him.

"I am waiting for a proposal," she whispered.

He gazed at her. "Seriously?"

She nodded. "As soon as he wakes up."

The courage of despair possessed him.

"Are you going to—?" he asked.

"What?"

"Accept him?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and Lawrence gazed harder than ever. There was something in the air—some form of wireless wave—that told him the moment was charged with possibilities. He felt the forelock of opportunity brushing against his hand. But should an impecunious young scholar of Balliol seize it? She was an heiress—dreadfully rich; and were not heiresses reserved for the younger sons of peers and such-like? He had been brought up in that belief by a true-blue Tory parent.

"Have you—have you—quite decided?" he procrastinated.

"Why are you interested?" she asked.

"Because—because—" The diffident young man stopped, and then suddenly stepped boldly up to the sleeping sportsman and held his hand just above his shoulder.

"Do you want me to wake him up for you?" he demanded.

"No!" she implored him.

And then Lawrence grasped the forelock.

About five minutes later Anthony gradually awoke. There was the deuce of a funny sound in the room. Dreamily he puzzled it out. He was in bed—no, by Jove, he was on the drawing-room sofa. And there was that Lowndes girl waiting. What the deuce was she doing making a noise like that? By Gad! he heard a voice! He raised his head and beheld his prospective *fiancée* locked fast in the arms of Lawrence Foster.

"By George—I say!" he expostulated.

They had the grace to desist, but not to look in the least ashamed of themselves. The ensuing pause was broken by the scholar of Balliol. "I'm sorry for disturbing you," he said, politely; "were you still trying to think?"

Dimly Tony began to suspect that there was something worse than queeriness about this beastly fellow's manner. He decided to ignore him altogether. Directing the same steady stare upon the faithless lady, he observed:

"Dash it, you know."

"Dash what?" she enquired.

Her tone also displeased him. There was a want of respect about it. "Well, I mean this is a bit of a bore."

"Not for me," she assured him with her daintiest smile.

"I don't call it sportin'—not while I was asleep."

"I don't think it sporting of you to go to sleep," she replied.

"I disagree," he retorted, with dignity. "And anyhow there's no object in keepin' awake any longer, I presume; what?"

"None at all," she assured him. "You may go off again whenever you like."

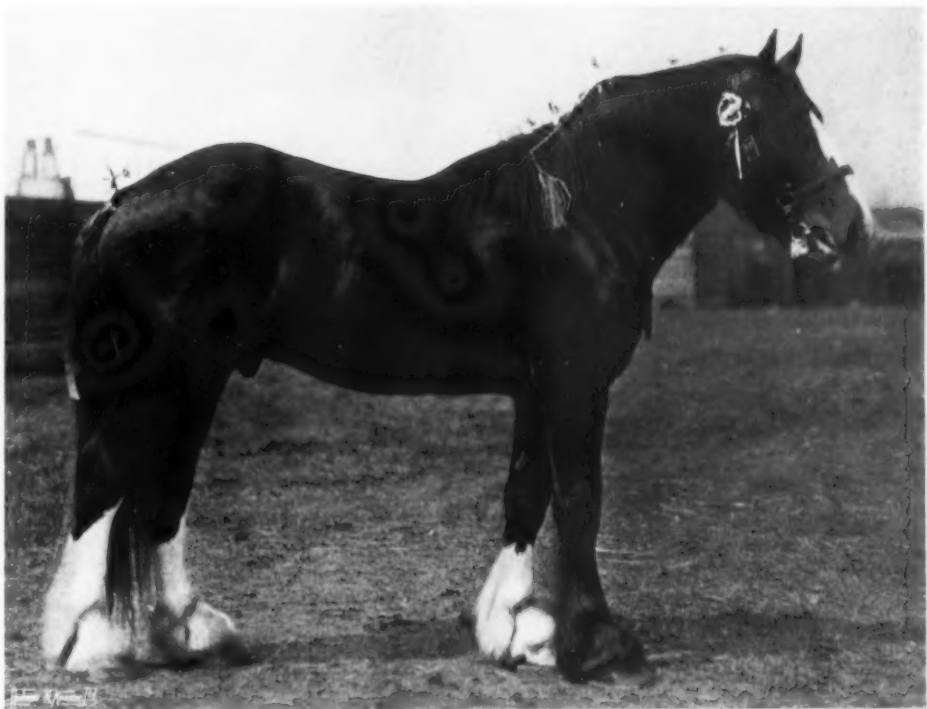
A snore from that prince of sportsmen acknowledged her kindness.

BREEDING PEDIGREE STOCK.

PERHAPS of all branches of farming breeding pedigree livestock is the most interesting, and, in addition, it has the further recommendation that when properly conducted it is profitable. I know that many persons have dropped money, and some large amounts, over pedigree stock; but I could name several tenant farmers who have weathered bad times and are to-day in a prosperous condition, thanks mainly to this industry. A man must be a lover of animals and possess a more than ordinary amount of patience if he is to become a prominent breeder. Furthermore, unless he is able to place a large amount of capital in the business he must be prepared to lock his money up for some years. Those who can afford to buy the best-bred and most typical animals of any breed as foundation stock, and who are content to pay good salaries and wages to competent men to take charge of them, ought soon to get a good return for their investment. Persons with limited means must be satisfied to start with a few animals less perfect in type and conformation or with aged individuals which can be picked up for comparatively little money, and then gradually breed up a stud herd or flock. The latter plan, unless one is a good judge of stock and a practical farmer, is the one I should advise. Clever and experienced breeders are apt to make mistakes in buying, mating and rearing their stock, and a novice is sure to purchase his experience very dearly if he starts breeding on too large a scale.

The situation and soil of one's farm should govern, to a great extent, the variety of stock which it is decided to keep. Lincoln sheep, for instance, would not pay to rear on the mountains where the Scotch black-faced mountain or the Herdwick breeds exist. Or, again, the hardy Southdown thrives on the short, scanty herbage that grows on his native hills, where larger sheep would starve. Many breeds of livestock appear to be specially adapted to the locality in which they are born, and one always runs a risk when introducing a fresh variety of animals into any county.

Not only does it take some time for a breed new to the district to become acclimatised, but it is always difficult to dispose of one's surplus stock in a neighbourhood where it is not the fashion. It is true that some breeds seem to flourish almost anywhere, notably shorthorn cattle and Shire horses; but an



F. Babbage.

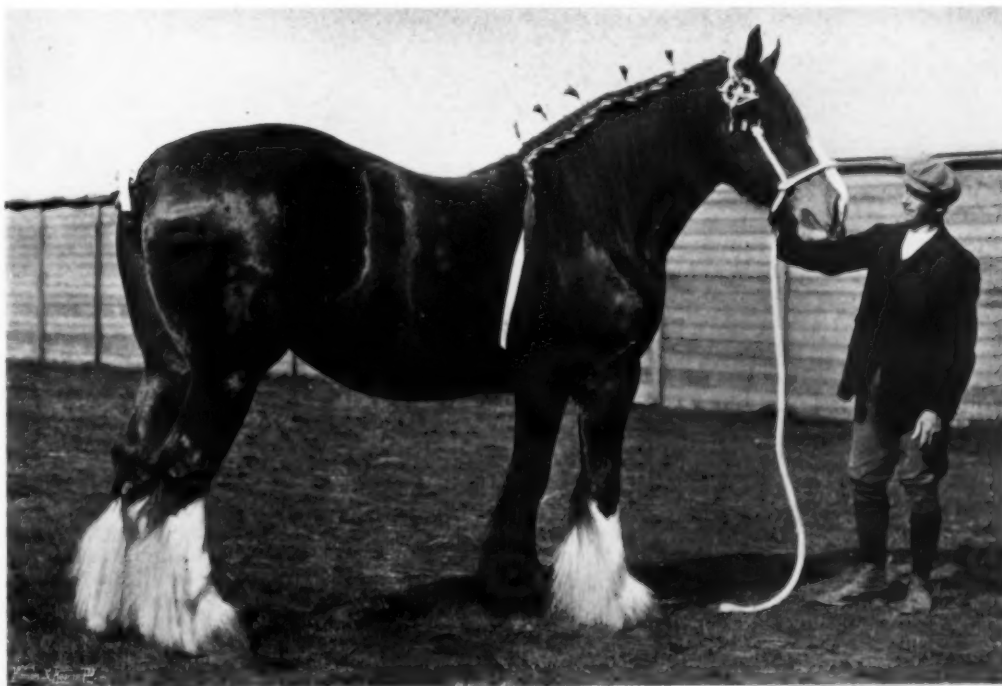
ROYAL GUEST—THE CHAMPION CLYDESDALE.

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owner of Shires who brings them up on light, thin-skinned land is severely handicapped when his horses come into the show-ring. He then finds that his rivals who occupy stiffer and richer soil can produce animals with more bone and hair than he can. The photograph of the champion Shire mare gives an excellent idea of the amount of hair, or "feather," that it is necessary for a prize Shire to possess. This hair has to be straight and silky, not curly or coarse. Large, well-shaped feet, plenty of bone and good joints are absolutely necessary nowadays on a first-class animal of this breed.

Shire horses are especially adapted for town work and for hauling heavy loads, and one can judge from the photograph of this strong, heavy and yet compact mare how suitable this breed is for that purpose. The Clydesdales are not such massive horses as are the Shires, neither are they so large in the bone, but the strength and slope of their pasterns and the activity of this breed are proverbial. A superabundance of hair on a Clydesdale's legs is not considered necessary, as it is on those of the Shire; this can be seen by glancing at the illustration of Royal Guest, the champion Clydesdale stallion at this year's Royal. The Suffolk horse is preferred when quite clean-legged, *i.e.*, with no long hair on his legs. It is a very active, quick animal, with any amount of pluck and endurance, and no breed is better suited for farmwork. Suffolks, like Clydesdales, are also suitable for working in towns, where strong, quick-moving horses are needed. Suffolk horses have been known to live to a great age, and longevity is claimed to be a special feature of this breed.

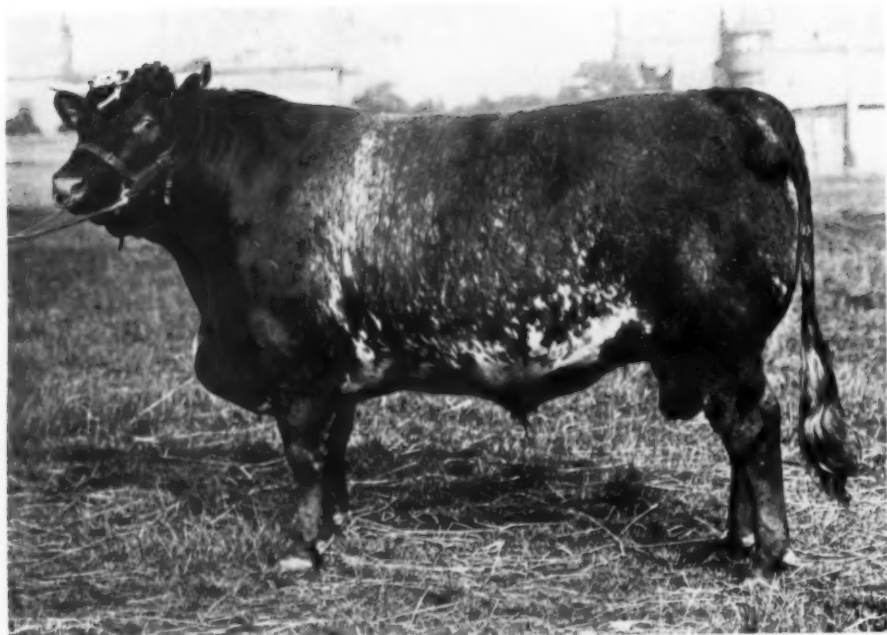
Agriculturists wishing to breed pedigree cattle have a choice of many breeds. The shorthorn is, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan of them all, and is noted alike for beef and milk. The high prices paid for these cattle, in recent years especially, for export to Argentina have made them popular all over Great Britain. One can judge from the representation of Earl Manvers's bull, which was less than one year



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BARDON FOREST PRINCESS.

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LORD MANVERS' CHAMPION SHORTHORN.

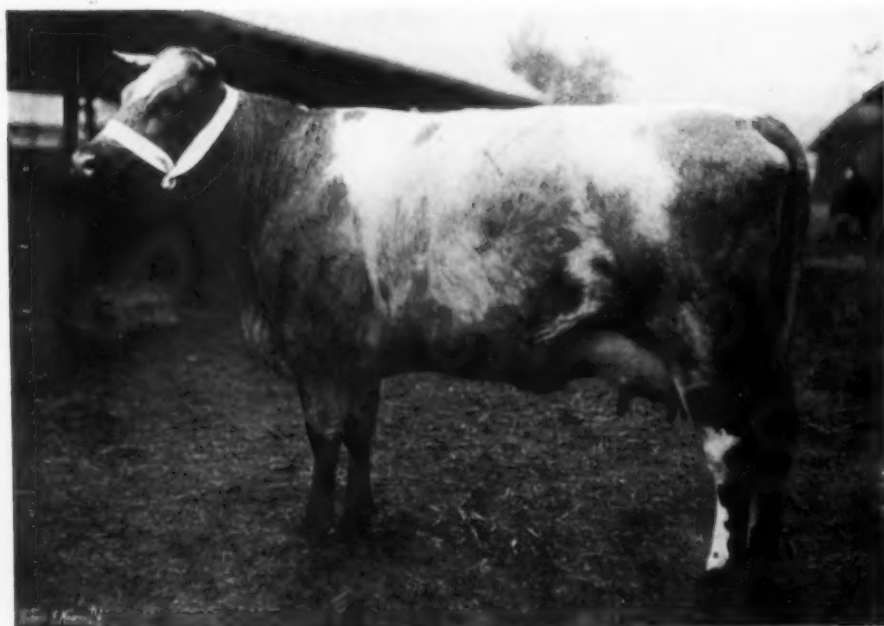
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THE CHAMPION HEREFORD.

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CHAMPION SHORTHORN DAIRY COW.

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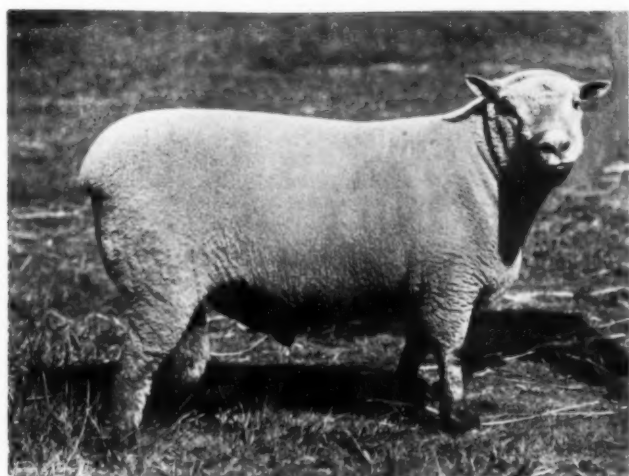
and eleven months old when the photograph was taken, that heavy flesh, early maturity and a strong constitution are essential points in a shorthorn bred for beef.

Breeders of pedigree dairy shorthorns claim that their cows are not only heavy milkers, but that when dry they rapidly put on flesh. The likeness of Mr. Godsell's champion cow shows a typical animal with an excellent udder. This cow, although a heavy milker, carries plenty of flesh, and her quality and shape and make are such that she would be a credit to a herd devoted to the production of either milk or beef. The photograph of the Hereford bull plainly shows the "markings," or colouring, of these famous red and white cattle, often described as the "white-faces." It is remarkable how particular Hereford breeders are about the white patches. The white hairs must be only on certain recognised parts of a pedigree Hereford. In the same way breeders of Berkshire pigs require the hair to be quite black except on the feet, face and the tip of the tail, where it must be white. The colouring of the Royal Champion Berkshire sow is plainly visible in the illustration. Referring again to the photograph of the Hereford bull, it will be noticed how this animal is beef "right down to his hocks," and is very good in this respect, whereas years ago this was not a strong point.

The various breeds of sheep are even more numerous than those of cattle. Lincoln sheep, which produce very heavy fleeces of long-stapled, fine-quality wool, and Southdowns, which are equally famous for the flavour and tenderness of their mutton as well as for the fine texture of their wool, are in size and appearance a great contrast to each other, as the reproductions of typical specimens of each breed show. In starting a Lincoln flock, it must be borne in mind that the chief merit of these sheep is their wool, and only rams and ewes with approved fleeces should be purchased. Southdowns selected to form the foundation of a flock must, above everything else, have firm flesh and close, fine wool. A Southdown covered with the correct sort of wool will almost invariably have "a firm-handling" back, which denotes good flesh. That this is not merely a showyard or a breeder's fad can easily be proved. Watch a dealer in first-class mutton select fat lambs or sheep from the fold. Such a man almost always chooses the smooth, close-woolled sheep or lambs in preference to the "open-coated" ones with coarser fleeces. The fact that the best quality mutton and wool go together applies to Suffolk and Hampshire sheep equally with the Southdown.

An inexperienced flockmaster is often tempted to purchase coarse-woolled sheep, which, aided by artificial feeding and clever trimming, look at first sight to be almost perfect specimens of their kind. My advice is to shun any short-woolled sheep whose wool is coarse or whose back is not covered with firm flesh. It is curious to note that the more wool a Shropshire sheep has on its head and face the better its owner likes it, whereas Suffolk sheep should have no wool on the face or on the crown of the head. Hampshire breeders prefer their sheep to have large ears, whereas Southdown sheep should have small, short ones.

To succeed as a breeder one must constantly be looking out for the bad points in one's own animals, not the good points; the latter will take care of themselves. Having discovered any predominating fault in one's stud herd or flock, it is then imperative by careful selection and mating to breed it out. My humble opinion is that every breeder of any note should exhibit at the Royal or one of the large agricultural shows, because it



F. Babbage. CHAMPION SOUTHDOWN RAM. Copyright.

is the one opportunity during the year for examining one's stock side by side with the best that Great Britain produces, and thus ascertaining whether or not one is breeding on the right lines. Not only is it possible for an individual, but also for the whole of a breed society, by attaching too much importance to some particular good quality in their animals, to overlook the necessity of preserving certain other qualifications which it is necessary should be present in an ideal animal. An exhibitor at our large shows can compare his exhibits not only with the best specimens of his own breed, but also with those of rival breeds, and possibly thus learn something that may eventually be of advantage not only to himself, but to his fellow-breeders. W.

SHORT WAYS WITH THE MACKEREL.

GIDDY, reckless, the mackerel is what Byron might well have called a perfect *cavaliero*. Though buoyed up by no swimming-bladder, it is as mighty a traveller as Columbus himself, having made two hemispheres its own, roaming the boundless ocean that is its birthright, yet generally to be found on our coasts so long as the temperature is fit to fish in. True, when the water falls below forty-five degrees, its name is "Walker," and it seeks climes more genial; but, then, who wants to be sea-fishing within thirteen degrees of ice, however suited such a temperature may be to the salmon river or pike preserve! The mackerel is the joyous fish of summer seas, with us from the time when swallows skim over the uncut hay to the period of the ripening blackberry; and within these limits lies all the most enjoyable of the year's sea-fishing, though enthusiasts are found to brave the wintry blast on piers or in boats, catching pneumonia and fish at one haul.

The French call our friend "poisson d'Avril," in allusion, no doubt, to the ease with which at times it may be caught on the lines, but the reference to April is not happy, for during that month few mackerel will take a bait, being, like the salmon in fresh water, off their feed and absorbed in the all-important business of spawning. A little later in the summer, it is not to be denied, the incautious greed of the mackerel is such as to blind it to all danger, and it takes our whiffing baits at such a rate that its capture by such means can be welcomed only as an excuse for a sail or as a means of getting the freshest of bait for the bigger fish outside. When, on sunny days along the South Coast, the mackerel are in our bays in their thousands it is difficult to say what would *not* catch them, and, indeed, it is so easy as to be fit only for duffers,

who may like to sail up and down bang through the middle of the shoal, picking up a mackerel on each line whenever the boat turns. There are several kinds of tackle, and quite a variety of baits, suitable for catching mackerel in this Simple Simon way, and of them all none beats the Cornish plummet-line, though the lead is too heavy for use with a rod. As a matter of fact, whatever "purists" may say or write to the contrary, hand-lines are to be preferred for catching mackerel or pollack from a sailing-boat, for the strain is more than you ought to ask from any rod worth calling a rod. Of course, the "sea-rods," which resemble Jersey cabbages, would tow a barge, but I do not fish with such, finding the hand-line far more sportsmanlike.

When you are railing, whiffing or plummeting for mackerel from a small sailing-boat it is usual to put out three lines if you are fishing for fun, and five if you are fishing for your living. To prevent entanglement the middle line over the stern must be longer and lighter than the others which hang over the stern. Thus the light stern line carries a lead of one pound three and a-half fathoms from the hook, and the lead on each of the other lines weighs two pounds, and is only two and a-half fathoms from the hook. Where two more lines are used up by the bow they carry a lead of three pounds only one and a-half fathoms from the hook. These forward lines are generally kept clear of the boat's sides by cane outriggers or spreaders, so that they do not, as a rule, foul the others further aft.

The best bait is a "last" of mackerel skin, well named since, properly cut and put on the hook, one should last while you catch a dozen fish. It is cut pear-shaped from the side of the tail, just above the fin, and is then laid on a cork. The point of the hook is passed through its narrow end, and the bait is then pulled down over the barb until it hangs loosely on the bend of the hook,



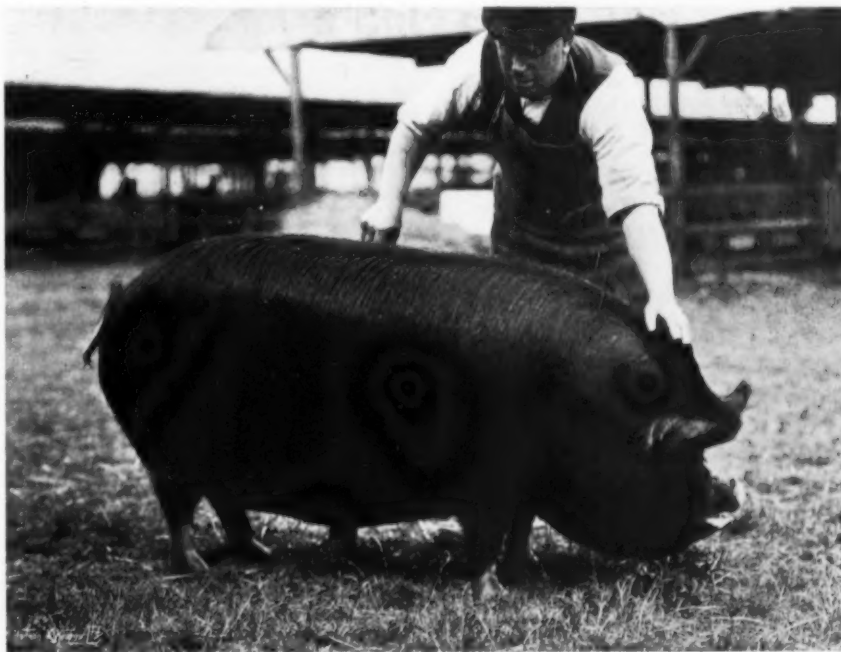
F. Babbage.

POINTON VULCAN.

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wagging in a manner which mackerel seem to find irresistible. Although the Cornish plummet is an unwieldy-looking lead, the tackle is very sensitive in action, and you can feel the least nibble of a fish. The professional way of using it is to sit half-facing the stern and hold the line between your thumb and forefinger. Then you draw the line forward and let it slip back, keeping up

this movement until a fish is hooked, when you quickly haul it in, shake it off the hook into the well and drop the lead overboard again. The amateur will find one line enough for amusement, but those who fish for a living handle three and steer the boat (with their knee) into the bargain. As a matter of fact, mackerel as often as not hook themselves when the boat is going at a fair pace. That is why no sportsman who puts the manner of fishing higher than the catch will care to play this game once he has enough mackerel aboard for bait. As someone has said, fishing is not all fish. Other tackles and baits can be used in whiffing for mackerel. Large white flies with a sulphur yellow body, of a coarse pattern



F. Babbage. MOTCOMBE KITTY—CHAMPION BERKSHIRE SOW. Copyright.

sold for the purpose, are very killing at times, and at the end of the cast you should have one of those bright spinners which some people even use with a "last," though I have found it necessary only in catching the first fish on a Monday morning, when there is not a single fresh "last" in the boat.

As has been indicated, more sport may be got out of catching mackerel in ways less easy. Let us transport ourselves from the dancing waters of the English Channel to a May sunset on the rocky shores of Madeira. Sea and sky are that perfect harmonious blue which one finds only round such oceanic islands, and as the sun sinks in the Western ocean half a hundred small boats push out from Funchal and from Cama de Lobos and converge on a point about half a mile from the windows of the hotel on the promontory. As the boats composing this flotilla are filled with Portuguese, those who are not swearing are singing, and a pretty babel they make of it, as one by one they drop anchor. Then several things happen. First, a torch blazes from every boat, till in the quickly-failing light you get the effect of a twinkling constellation low on the horizon. Then comes a terrific sound of hammering, an orchestra of choppers, with which the men are pounding their ground bait of tunny and sweet potato on boards. They could far more comfortably prepare this mess on shore, but they declare that the clatter has the same effect on the mackerel as the gong (or what the American young lady in *Punch* calls the "hash-hammer") on the guests in a boarding-house. Some of this ground bait is thrown into the sea to bid the mackerel gather round the board. Then, of a sudden, scores of little cane rods, in one piece, appear as if by magic, till every boat bristles with them. These have no reel, but just a fine line about their own length tied to the top, and a native hook that would scarcely pierce native cheese. Having substituted something sharper, and having baited it with a little cube of tunny, we begin to fish. It is not yet quite dark, and the mackerel are not right on top of the water, so, imitating the natives, we hold the rods under water, point downwards, so as to sink the baits deep enough. It is a strange sensation at first, fishing with the rod under water, but one to which you soon get accustomed, and next moment one of us has a horse-mackerel and the other hooks the real thing, a fine mackerel of a couple of pounds, which had stolen three pieces of tunny before he was hooked, and now fights on the tight line like a demon. Later, when the last of the daylight is gone, with that despatch which marks its going in those latitudes, the fish come right to the surface, and you can hold your rod at a more wonted angle.

Mackerel gather towards the coasts of Britain between April and November; they are at their best on surface-tackle in July and the early days of August. After that they break up and many of them frequent pier-heads. It is then that rod and float tackle afford a very pretty way of catching them. A similar arrangement, with the slider-float, has been recommended for catching grey mullet in similar situations. But the bait needs changing. Our striped and burnished friend is no namby-pamby vegetarian, like the grey mullet, but a corsair of the high seas, full-blooded and given to strong food, and we must tempt him with a fat mussel, a sand-eel or whitebait, a lively ragworm or a strip of one of his own kind. The float should be allowed to travel as far from the pier as convenient, for mackerel, though perfectly reckless out in deep water, grow a little suspicious amid the constant disturbance of falling leads, paddle-boats and other conditions peculiar to piers in summer-time. The moment a mackerel has the bait, down goes the float, not with the faint-hearted bobbing caused by a mullet, but away out of sight, and you strike firmly and there is the dickens to pay. The worst that can happen is that the frightened fish dashes in among your neighbours' lines, regaining his liberty, and leaving you to disentangle your property and settle your differences. All this is exhilarating but it is not war. The proper time to use float-tackle for mackerel on the pier is either early in the morning or (if the tide suits, *i.e.*, if it is just after high water, so that the float is carried out) at the luncheon hour, when you can have things pretty much your own way. The Arabs have a proverb that must be really consoling to those who have to spend much of their lives in the desert. They say that solitude is better than bad company. It may be taken for granted that any company will be found pretty bad in which you let a mackerel take your line round those of half-a-dozen others fishing near you. According to Herbert Spencer, savageness begets savageness, and you need be a heavy-weight indeed to indulge in such frolic.

F. G. AFLALO.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME ROSES OF THE YEAR.

THIS has been a wonderful year of Roses, and the promise of the autumn display is delightful. The Autumn Rose Show of the National Rose Society will probably prove one of the most interesting exhibitions of the year. Many beautiful Roses have been shown this year, but few have been more charming than the following:

Mme. P. Euler (Hybrid Tea).—This beautiful novelty of M. Guillot resulted from a cross between Antoine Rivoire and Killarney, and the former has certainly imparted its firm waxy-like petals, although the form of the flower is distinct from the old favourite. While Antoine Rivoire is scentless, the crossing with Killarney has bestowed a delicious fragrance, and I imagine the fact that a fragrant Rose should be one of the parents of any given cross is not lost sight of now by our

hybridisers, who are seeking to impart this charming attribute to their novelties, with many excellent results.

Gloire de Chedane Guinoisseau.—Novelties among Hybrid Perpetual Roses are now extremely rare, the cause being undoubtedly that the majority of new Roses are called Hybrid Teas, although many, if raised some years ago, would have been known as Hybrid Perpetuals. I do not think the splendid Rose named above has yet obtained that measure of popularity it deserves, and this could hardly be expected seeing that it was only introduced in 1908. It is really a beautiful Rose. I have a beautiful specimen before me as I write. It is fully four and a-half inches in diameter, as large as a Frau Karl Druschki, but with shell-like guard petals and with a centre reminiscent of Captain Hayward. Its colour is its strong point, for it is so distinct, a bright vermilion red, shaded darker, and it possesses a delicious fragrance. Perhaps in a hot season this new Rose would be found to open quickly, but the wet weather this summer has just suited it. A large silver medal was awarded this variety at Angers in 1907.

Mme. Antoine Mari (Tea-scented).—Surely there is no more beautiful Rose than the above. At least, that was my thought when recently I gathered a perfect specimen. In form it is as near perfection as one could desire, just a regular arrangement of petal, yet void of stiffness. The centre is well raised, almost to a point, and the outer petals are so much pointed as to lend a real artistic finish to the bloom. But how can I describe the exquisite colouring? One catalogue says: "Colour rose, washed and shaded with white," but this to my mind fails to describe it. The predominant colour is a beautiful pale flesh white, suffused on the outer petals with dainty rose pink, some of the petals having their pointed ends quite a rich pink colour. The buds are deep rosy pink until they unfold. Then the growth is so good, the foliage a beautiful dark green and perfectly healthy, and the growth very dense. When planted in a mass it is one of the best bedding Roses we have, and I can recommend it to every amateur, whether a large or small grower.

A Pretty New Rambler Rose.—One of the prettiest of the newer Rambler Roses is Bagatelle. It is very distinct, of beautiful colouring, and will be largely grown for its dainty flowers, which are produced in large clusters that remain long in beauty. The flowers are double, of a beautiful cupped form, but not full, so that the golden anthers and creamy base to the petals are visible. The colour of the half-open blooms is bright shell pink, paling as they expand to delicate blush white. It is a variety of fine decorative effect, and although the individual flowers are not so large as those of Blush Rambler, I think it will be quite as much sought for. It is a decided advance on Helene, and may probably displace that well-known sort. Bagatelle belongs to the multiflora type, and flowers about the second week in July.

C.

THE HOLLYHOCK AND ITS CULTURE.

HOLLYHOCKS are in the front rank of stately border plants, but owing to the prevalence of the deadly fungus (*Puccinia malvacearum*) they are not grown to the extent that could be desired. Plants raised from seed selected from healthy stock are perhaps not so subject to disease as those grown from cuttings or division, but, unfortunately, they are not immune. Thoroughly spraying the plants with a fungicide, such as Bordeaux mixture, has been found effective in keeping the disease at bay. It is most important to have the mixture properly made, and constant stirring is required during spraying to prevent the sediment settling, otherwise one part will be too thin to answer the purpose, while the rest will be too concentrated and burn the foliage. Where the disease has been very bad avoid continually planting in the same ground. Try raising a fresh stock from a new source and plant as far off the old quarters as possible. Named varieties are propagated by means of cuttings, grafts, or division. Cuttings are made of the young shoots when about three inches long. Plant them singly into three-inch pots filled with light, sandy soil, place in a frame, and keep them sprinkled and shaded until rooted. When taking cuttings from lifted roots during the winter, bottom-heat is necessary to promote root action. Grafting is seldom practised except where a large stock of named varieties is required. The work is carried out both in autumn and spring. Autumn is perhaps the best time if good scions are then procurable. The roots of single varieties are used as stocks, and gentle bottom-heat is required to secure a perfect union. Division of the plants may be carried out in the spring. Plants raised from seed are generally relied upon in gardens. Seed may be sown in January or February in heat, and in some localities with careful treatment the plants may flower the same year. Many growers sow in June or July in pans or boxes, pot off the young plants into small pots and winter them in a cold frame, planting them out early in the spring. This is the best plan in cold, wet districts. Where the soil and climate are favourable, the plants may be raised in the open garden in well-prepared ground. Draw drills one foot apart, sow the seed thinly and allow the plants to remain until the spring, when they may be planted in their permanent positions. The soil must be very rich, as the Hollyhock, one of the most picturesque of flowers, requires rich ground which should be deeply trenched and an abundance of manure worked in. As the plant becomes established, a mulch of half-rotten manure, with copious waterings in dry weather, are cultural details requiring attention. Strong stakes are necessary to support the tall stems. Although perfectly hardy, the Hollyhock is liable to suffer during the winter when planted in low-lying, badly-drained soil. In many northern localities it is the best practice to lift choice varieties and winter them in a cold frame either in pots or planted out. Single varieties are well worth growing as ornamental border plants. They are extremely vigorous, and can be grown very easily where choice varieties are difficult to manage. Among these is the beautiful fig-leaved yellow-flowering *ficiifolia*, which is exquisite.

C. R.

BEAUTIFUL SAGE.

Salvias are at the present time very prominent in the flower garden, both the tender kinds, which are mostly of scarlet hue, and the hardy, from the old purple Clary of cottage gardens to the rich shade of *S. patens*, which, although not altogether hardy, is safe in mild winters in sheltered situations. Messrs. Barr have a variety growing in two or three different positions in their Surbiton nurseries, under the name of *virgata numerosa*, that should prove a welcome addition to our blue flowers. It forms a handsome bush of about two feet high, the spikes being produced in great abundance. Individual flowers are blue and the stems and bracts of a brownish hue, a combination

that gives it a very striking appearance. As it was growing and flowering very freely on the rockery, I should think it would be an extremely useful plant for warm sunny borders. Except in cases where large, well-established plants could be put out, the summer has at present been none too kind to the brilliant Glory of Zurich, which revels in sunshine, and with an absence of this growth is very slow. There are few plants more susceptible to the attack of slugs; where these are strongly in evidence, it is well to put occasional sprinklings of coal ashes around the plants. A few lettuce or cabbage leaves round the outside of the clumps are also advisable until the numbers of the enemy have been lessened.

HANDLING COUNTRY-SIDE ANIMALS.

AT the best of times the handling of animals should be performed with extreme care; but when the varieties are small in size, and therefore entirely at the mercy of their captor, this care should be considerably augmented. Young people are so keen nowadays on Nature study and animal collections that in their zeal they often forget that much pain, and even injury, may result from rough handling. The large animals that are commonly kept as pets can usually take good care of themselves; but the smaller species of the country-side are the kinds most likely to suffer



SECURE BUT HUMANE.

from the clumsy attentions of budding naturalists. Not only are their bodies usually of a frail nature, but the very knowledge that they may be obtained without cost seems to lessen their chances of a comfortable existence.

In taking hold of these small creatures of the hedgerows and fields we should always endeavour to act speedily, for it is necessary to have them securely in our grasp before they have had time to damage themselves in an attempt to escape. A bird, for instance, will injure its plumage, and even disable itself permanently, in a struggle to avoid capture. It is our business, therefore, to grasp it with the least possible delay before it has had time to become frightened. The first illustration shows a hand holding a bird in such a way that the creature



ITS COILS LACED ROUND THE FINGERS.



NO ESCAPE.

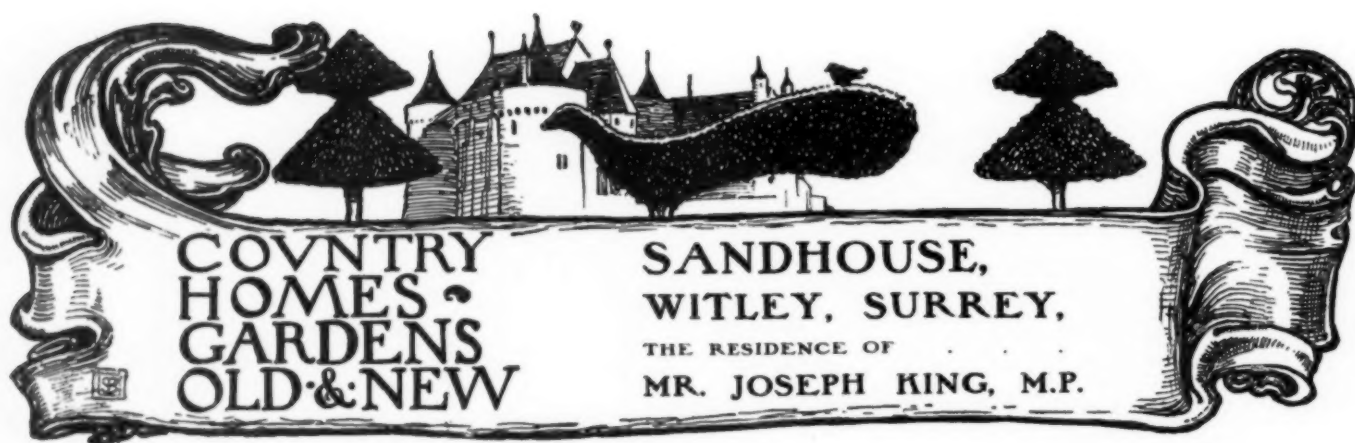
stands no chance of escaping, and at the same time is not suffering pain. The grip is both secure and humane. Another picture introduces us to a toad undergoing similar treatment. This amphibian is perhaps a little more inclined to struggle than a bird, but is far less likely to damage itself in the effort. This animal should be held midway between the front and hind legs, for then it will neither be able to wriggle forward nor backward. It is a good plan to lock one of the rear legs between two fingers, but this must be done with caution. A third picture shows us how to handle a blind-worm and, incidentally, a snake. The trouble with these creatures is to prevent them from gliding through the fingers and out of our grasp. This is somewhat easily accomplished by lacing the coils in and out of our fingers, over one and under the next and so on. The spinal column of these reptiles is easily fractured, so that exceptional care must be taken to see that no undue lateral pressure is exerted on them. The final illustration depicts a method of handling such winged creatures as dragon-flies, moths and butterflies. The plan is simply to approach one of these animals when at rest and then to touch its fore part with the tip of the little finger. This will have the effect of starting it forward into the palm of the hand, when the thumb is brought over and the creature becomes securely enveloped. This plan answers admirably for moths and most butterflies, but requires practice where dragon-flies are concerned.



A DRAGON-FLY TRAPPED.

Our hints are not intended to be confined to the animals pictured in the accompanying illustrations. What has been said with regard to the toad applies with equal force to the frog, the shrew and the vole; the remarks respecting the blind-worm may be taken as fitting for the lizard, the newt, the triton and all snakes, while the fourth picture shows us how to deal with the various forms of lepidoptera, as well as many kinds of land and water beetles.

S. C. JOHNSON.



UPON one general principle most schools of domestic architecture seem to be agreed—that the haphazard experimenting with styles which threw nineteenth century work into such a welter of confusion must stop, and that, above all, the English idiom in building is to be revered. Nearly everyone who thinks about the question at all demands a return to national traditions and regrets the side influences from France, the Low Countries and elsewhere that confused so much otherwise admirable work during the last fifty years. An agreement such as this would seem to settle modern tendencies on broad, yet definite, lines of development, but for the lack of a definition. Which line of tradition is to be followed? Where are we to pick up the

broken threads? Are we to regard the Palladianism of Inigo Jones, Wren and their followers as being a normal development of English architecture, or as the flooding of English traditions in what Ruskin called "the vile torrent of the Renaissance"? If we accept eighteenth century architecture as normal to the career of English art, shall we also approve the Greek revival of Decimus Burton and Nash and Cockerell as a change of dynasty merely, and not affecting our loyalty? Readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* will remember that in the article which appeared on November 6th, 1909, on Home Place, Holt, that very interesting work of Mr. E. S. Prior was described as Gothic both in construction and spirit. Its design was based on the strictest use of local materials, and though no mediæval forms, such as pointed windows or Gothic mouldings, found any place, one felt it was a modern successor of mediæval work in the direct line. It owed, at all events nothing whatever to the Renaissance, which was ignored, as though it had never been. If we turn to the work of another well-known English architect, Mr. Reginald Blomfield, we find him equally insistent on tradition. "Two hundred years ago," he writes, "there was one clear and unmistakable tradition of architecture. . . . Wren, Gibbs and Hawksmoor had no sort of hesitation as to formal methods of expression. . . . A note on a drawing was almost sufficient indication to their admirable workmen of what was required for doorways and the details of building." This is unquestionably true, and what further proof of the existence of a national tradition can we ask than that it shall persist for about one hundred and fifty years, until swallowed up by the clattering machine-made uncertainties of the nineteenth century, and be perfectly understood by craftsmen throughout England during that period?

For present purposes we may assume that there is to-day a broad line of cleavage between those who, in seeking to renew a good tradition, return to pre-Renaissance days for inspiration and the rest who would pick up the story from where it faltered and was forgotten at the end of the eighteenth century. This divergence is due not so much to differing knowledge, which can be argued about, as to varying temperaments and, to a large extent, to differing social instincts. For both attitudes there is much to be said, but it does not seem possible to dissociate the Renaissance from the lasting fibre of English life. The poet Clough had no sort of classical prejudice, and seems, therefore, to be writing the inevitable when he says:

In all new work that would look forth
To more than antiquarian worth,
Palladio's pediments and bases
Or something such, will find their places.



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DETAIL OF PORCH AND GABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDEN FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The fact to be borne in mind is that the Renaissance of architecture is only part, though perhaps the most prominent symbol, of the revival of learning which brought the Reformation, the birth of physical science and, indeed, the modern world. It would be a good thing in many ways for the world if it went back to the mental processes of the age of faith; but one doubts if any revolution short of that would justify the ignoring of the classical tradition in English architecture. These general considerations, however, have a more marked bearing on architecture of a civic or, at least, a public sort. In domestic work not the least thing is the expression of the personality of owner and of architect, and for this reason building which relies on the earlier rather than the later traditions has its own abundant place and justification.

So much by way of preface to the consideration of Sandhouse, Witley, designed by Mr. F. W. Troup, whose reliance is placed on the earlier traditions when architecture was rather the natural efflorescence of a comradeship of the crafts than an affair of scholarship in design influenced by motives consciously historical. Almost due west of Witley Station and south of the common is a delightful wooded tract known as Sandhills, and there on the side of the hill which slopes southwards Mr. Joseph King



Copyright.

THE PERGOLA.

"C.L."

has set his house. A high bank shuts it out from the road, except where its gables can be seen from the gates. The first

impression is one of simplicity and warmth. The long line of roof is broken only by a dormer, its cast lead sheeting tricked out with trailing ornament, and its gable filled with weather-boarding. Below, an octagonal porch juts out in very interesting fashion. On its face is a large plaster panel brilliantly coloured. The walls of the house are of a rich red brick diapered with blue, and by a happy chance some of the blue bricks by the porch have turned green, and so pick up the green which, next to the purple of the giant grapes, predominates in the plaster panel. Here, in fact, we have a polychrome architecture reminiscent of Tudor times, when all materials were pressed into service to give an effect of richness, which yet exists side by side with a marked simplicity. To the east of the forecourt is a building which provides storage room below, and on its upper floor a workshop for the estate carpenter, while to the west are the stables surmounted by a clock turret. Here, again, Mr. Troup has employed the craft for which he has done so much by precept and example—lead-work. The lower part of the turret is sheathed in the characteristic English metal, and the dial of the clock done wholly in it, the numerals being gilt.



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ON THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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LEADEN STATUES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The cool grey of the lead and the brightness of the parcel-gilding make an admirable foil to the deep red of the tiles, and therein play a very useful part. Where both walls and roof are red, any variation in treatment, made possible as here by dormer or turret, is helpful if it tends to bring quiet to the colour scheme. We go through the porch into the ample hall.

Its ceiling shows the big beams with plastering between, and the walls are wainscoted with wide oak boards fixed with waggon-nails, and the joints covered with moulded fillets. Above a rail is a coloured plaster frieze, with birds flying between very conventional trees and stags meeting above the fireplace. This decoration, recently put up, is the work of Mr. Godfrey Blount, and seems conceived on too large and stormy a scale for the room. It has the further disadvantage that the colours are rather heavy and take rather more light than can well be spared. From the hall open the drawing and dining rooms. In the former is a large ingle lined with great tiles of green and iridescent purple. The dining-room has much fixed furniture in oak, designed by Mr. Troup, and is a sober, pleasant place. Both rooms have doors to a porch, through which one reaches the house terrace on the south front. The library is cut off from the hall by a porch which gives access to the east side of the garden. It is lined with books, surely the best of all ways for covering a wall, and above the shelves is a little painted frieze worked out by Mr. King himself in flat coloured carving. Returning to the hall, we go through to the kitchen quarters, all very well planned. At the end of the passage an open way is crossed to get to the octagonal dairy, which is built with very thick walls, and windows so sheltered that the sun cannot find an entrance. Returning to the house, we find the servants' room facing the kitchen across the passage. The fireplace here is in the corner, and it is the only room in the house thus treated, and

wisely so. While this disposition is often very convenient and leads to simplicity in the arrangement of chimney-stacks, one inclines to agree with John Evelyn as to its general use. When the diarist saw Charles II.'s house being built at Newmarket by Samuel, the architect, he wrote: "Many of the rooms above had chimnies placed at the angles and corners, a mode

now introduced by His Majesty, which I do at no hand approve of. I predict it will spoil many noble houses and rooms if followed. It does only well in very small and trifling rooms, but takes from the state of greater." Evelyn brings his usual common-sense to bear on the innovation, as he thought it, and his general principle seems a sound one—that corner fireplaces are well enough in small rooms but do not suit large ones. There is the practical disadvantage that only a few people can sit round a fire placed cornerwise, but this does not obtain either in bedrooms or a servants' hall.

The main staircase rises from the west end of the hall. Very delightful is the treatment of the tops of the newels, where four little twisted pillars uphold a toy canopy. As one goes up to the first floor the fine carpentry, which is a feature of the house, is particularly apparent. The details are all studiously simple, but they do honour to the material in which they are wrought. In some of the bedrooms the great curved roof timbers are left bare, and very reasonable they look. In the roof are four big attics, and one in particular is attractive from the see-saw and rocking-horse which proclaim it sacred to important uses. It is, however, when Sandhouse is surveyed from the garden front that the architectural policy of Mr. F. W. Troup and the school he represents becomes apparent. There is no attempt to secure any definite balance of parts. The rooms of the family to the right of the projecting bay are naturally rather more lofty than those to the left, which have the kitchen offices on the ground



Copyright.

THE STABLE CLOCK.

"C.L."

floor. It is only a matter of about eighteen inches, but the roof is higher by that much, and the main horizontal line broken therefore at the big bay. A designer of another school would have raised his roof to the left to preserve the line. The levels of heads and sills of windows are varied with the single intent to suit the rooms within, and the two dormers have an accidental air. For all its irregularity there is considerable dignity about the front, which it owes largely to the delightful way in which the big bay towers above the terrace and pulls the whole composition together. A word must be said about the big rain-water-head to the right of the bay. It was made originally for the English pavilion at the last Paris Exhibition, and is a copy, save for "V.R." instead of "C.R.," of the fine example on St. John's College, Oxford, which bears the arms of Charles I. in gold and colours. There is a peculiar appropriateness in its finding a lasting abode on one of Mr. Troup's houses after its short life at Paris as an example of the best period of English leadwork. It was Mr. Troup who, at the last restoration of St. John's College, discovered that the rain-water



Copyright.

PART OF THE STAIRCASE.

C.L.

heads had been painted, not only in the tinctures proper to the coats of arms, but also with black and white chevrons and other devices on the funnel and turreted projections. It was to his careful examination and renewal that we owe the present painting on the St. John's heads, and the Sandhouse copy is therefore a pleasant memorial of this fine contribution (among many) to the history of English leadwork.

The gardens are laid out with the same unaffected simplicity which characterises the house. The retaining walls of the terraces are partly in local stone and partly in a brick of chocolate brown, which makes an admirable foreground for the red and blue of the house. Flanking the steps which lead down from the terrace walk to the lawn are two old lead figures of Pan and a Satyr, bought by Mr. King when grievously battered, and since restored with care. More steps lead from the lawn down the hill, grouped round a brick well with a light iron canopy, already hospitable to climbing roses. Flanking the east side of the garden and roofed with a stout trellis to a good curve is a pergola in brick and oak, and its upper end leads us to the east court,



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HALL AND STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with the posts of its trellis topped by wooden animals designed and fretted from boards by Mr. King with something of the vigour of a Caran d'Ache. A hasty elephant pursues an ambling steed, and chanticleer finds a home with swan and rabbit, while pigeons of flesh and blood live above them in their cote.

In Sandhouse we have a home where the crafts have had full sway, and its architectural atmosphere singularly befits its owners. It was Mrs. King who started the village industry of weaving at Haslemere near by. In the hall there are two spinning-wheels, one from Finland, the other from Alsace. Generally such things are merely bric-à-brac and in an ordinary home lie open to the charge of affectation. Here they take their place faithfully and naturally, and are used for spinning. The rugs, of Persian type, that lie about come from the looms at Haslemere, as do also the curtains, table-cloths and other fabrics, and thus make practical commentary on the comradeship of the crafts, which is the prevailing note at Sandhouse. It is refreshing to think of the many girls who are thus kept in their native place to find wholesome occupation of a personal sort, instead of being drafted away to London to become unconsidered units in some great factory. One would need to be a fiery optimist to see in such movements a solution of our social ills, but they are a refreshing exemplar of the power of personal service, and exercise an influence of large value on modern English craftsmanship.

L. W.

THE DIETARY OF PETS.

ATTENTION has lately been drawn to an appeal from the R.S.P.C.A. on behalf of the harmless (and as many people thought until this enlightenment came, necessary) tortoise. It would appear that some tortoises are completely carnivorous, and some vegetarian, while others, having more catholic tastes, or better manners, will eat like polite guests whatever is put before them in either form. The difficulty is to ascertain to which variety your tortoise belongs. Another misunderstood animal is the hedgehog. This poor

little beast used to be, and perhaps still is, hawked about the streets and sold as a destroyer of cockroaches, an idea for which there is scarcely more ground than there is for the superstition that it will steal milk from a cow. The holders of this dying faith never seem to realise that it takes two to make every bargain, and that the hedgehog must at least be assured of the cow's acquiescence before he can begin his ill-gotten meal.

But other and more familiar pets are scarcely better used. The yard-dog, for instance, whose meals of biscuit are never varied from the time he

loses his puppy coat until he dies, can scarcely be said to receive ideal treatment, yet his lot is not uncommon. We have known, too, a philanthropic lady with vegetarian tendencies whose proud boast it was that her twelve cats never tasted anything but porridge and milk, on which diet they flourished. Truth compels the admission that after six weeks of porridge they certainly looked no worse; but how bitter their feelings must have been. On the other hand, of course, animals have fads about their food, just like children, who do not invariably appreciate pudding, whatever their elders may say on the subject. The writer once had a cat who had a liking for raw asparagus. This was not just a passing fancy; for three successive seasons he was repeatedly caught in the act of

nibbling the tender shoots as soon as they made an appearance above ground. His intelligence mercifully fell short of digging for them. This same animal would eschew boiled mutton but literally gobble the accompanying turnip. A dog whose honesty invariably succumbed to ripe fruit was another eccentric pet. Strawberries were his special weakness, and many a net has he torn in his predatory visits to the beds. As the apples ripened he hunted the orchard daily, and his appetite for windfalls was extraordinary.

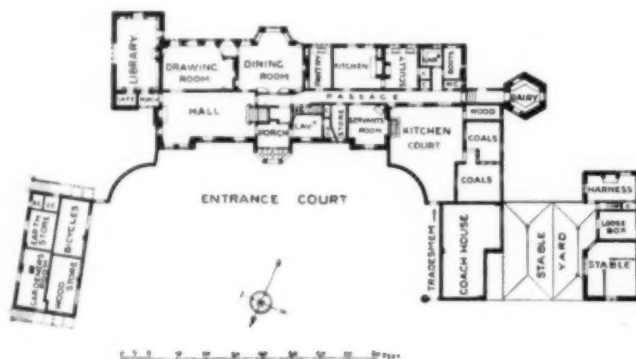
But these, after all, are abnormal cases, and it does not follow that, because an animal will eat, or can be made to eat, unaccustomed foods, they are good for it. If analysts are to be believed, we poor moderns support life on a number of substances which we would certainly reject if we could. In like manner, too, many "pets" weather the trials of a dietary which is often nothing more or less than a slow poison—for a brief season, and then their hutch or cage, the house or garden, know them no more. If just for once in all time every dumb creature that comes under the jurisdiction of man could be granted the privilege of a certain historical ass and make known his wants in human language, what a vast amount of suffering would be spared. Failing this miraculous guidance, how much better it would be if we would ascertain the habits and tastes of the creatures before we make ourselves responsible for their happiness and well-being.

GOLF CLUB-HOUSES.

IT must always be a difficult matter, in settling the plans of a house, to obtain an even balance between necessities and luxuries. Few have ever had enough money to satisfy the demands of both completely. It is well to bear in mind that the successful and smooth working of a club will depend more upon those portions of a club-house which are behind the scenes than on the magnificence of the decorations of the reception-rooms. A wide passage leading to a

large and airy kitchen and scullery may prove to be more important than oak panelling for the smoking-room. But it will be a difficult matter to persuade a committee that this is so.

Then, again, each club is certain to have special needs. The chef's wages of one may be double those of the greenkeeper. Thus the kitchen and wine-cellar will be of vital importance, and the locker-room accommodation might be curtailed. Another club



GROUND PLAN.



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NEW ZEALAND GOLF CLUB, BYFLEET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

will be used principally by busy men, who can only snatch two or three hours in the middle of the day for a little exercise, and a convenient dressing-room on the ground floor may save them a few minutes in their struggle for a round. The golf club may even be used as the social club of the district, with bedrooms attached, and thus there is no possibility of any sort of stereotyped plan, as each club will possess its own particular needs, which must be carefully provided for. There is, however, one requirement common to all which is so frequently overlooked: a comfortable sitting-room or dining-room free from draughts. In this particular many clubs may almost be described as death-traps, as a player will come in from his morning round hot from his exercise, and with no time to change his clothes before lunch, and sit down in a through-draught in what is little better than a passage. The result must be obvious to all.

If the club-house is to be a building of two storeys, it will be found more useful to have the dining-rooms and sitting-rooms

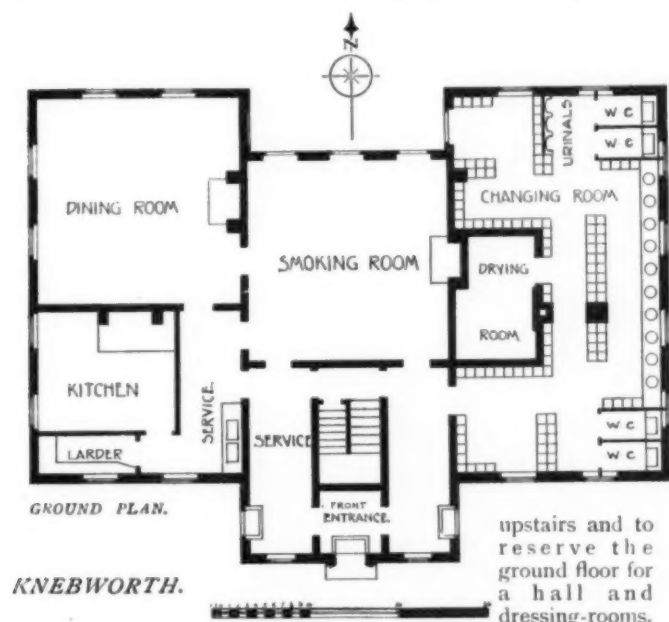


"COUNTRY LIFE."

KNEBWORTH.

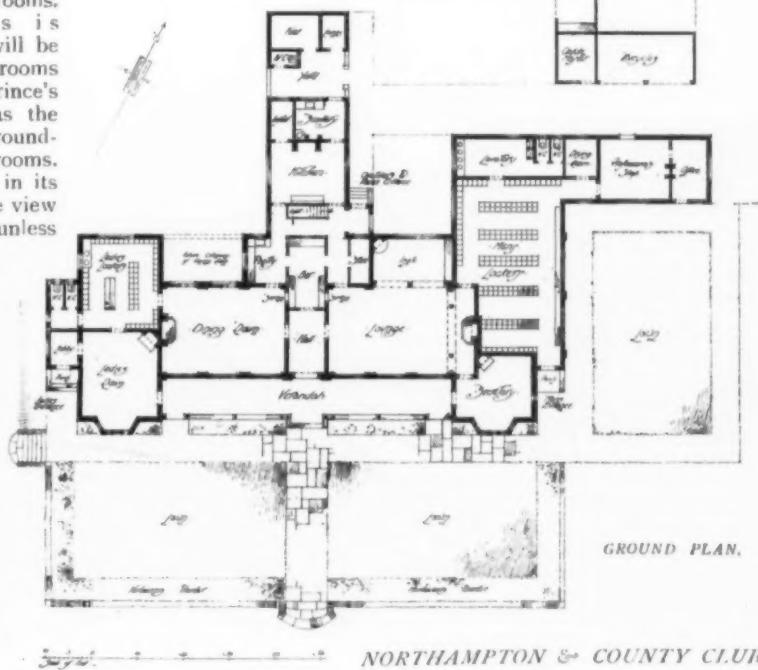
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might prove more useful as linen cupboards, and are very likely already used as such. The kitchen is, no doubt, small; the position of the larder with a south aspect is unsatisfactory, but could doubtless not be avoided, and the absence of a scullery must be noted. If only provisions could be accommodated elsewhere in a room facing north, and the larder be used as a scullery, the cook might be better satisfied with the arrangement; but these, after all, are only homely details. It would be difficult to improve upon the plan of the club-house recently designed by Mr. Herbert Norman for the Northampton and County Golf Club. The angle of the smoking-room looks very comfortable, and the dining-room, with convenient access to the pantry, bar and kitchen arrangements, is well planned. There are no unnecessary passages, and the locker-room, through which the lavatory and dining-room are reached, affords ample accommodation for a membership of some two hundred to three hundred. The pillars at the end of the smoking-room might be criticised as blocking the entrance to the secretary's and locker rooms, and possibly also obstructing the fireplace; but perhaps they are necessary from a structural point of view. The rooms for the ladies are convenient, and the secretary will command the entrance to the club, which is a matter of some importance. The separate entrance to the men's locker-room will prove useful, and although possibly the verandah might have been another two feet in width, it is hard to criticise the house, with its simple elevation quite in keeping with the buildings of the surrounding district. The cost of the house was some two



reversed, it will almost certainly be found that the hall will be filled with the clothes of the members, and the dressing-rooms used by a very small percentage. The plan of the Prince's Club at Sandwich seems to be ideal in this respect, as the entrance door and lobby are halfway between the ground-floor dressing-rooms and the first-floor smoking and dining rooms. A club-house on one floor has, no doubt, several points in its favour; but there are many instances in which an attractive view of the links and the surrounding country would be lost unless the level of the sitting-rooms was ten or twelve feet above the ground-level. The club-houses illustrated in this article do not include what may be called the hotel club-house, but cover a wide range in other respects.

The golf course at Knebworth has a club-house built by Mr. E. L. Lutyens. The exterior is quiet and dignified in every respect, and the ground-floor plan shows how it is possible to have a compact building without needless narrow passages. The dining and smoking rooms, although not very large, should prove to be comfortable to live in, and each has direct communication with the service-room. The dressing-room is delightfully planned, as the recesses formed by the lockers will afford just the necessary seclusion for the members when changing their clothes, and the drying-room and lavatories are ample and close at hand. Careful golfers will, no doubt, avoid the lockers round the flue of the drying-room chimney, as the heat will have an evil effect on their clubs. These lockers



thousand three hundred pounds, and the motor-house, caddies' shelter and stables will come to another two hundred and fifty pounds.

The West Surrey Golf Club is on a bigger scale, and the octagonal dining-room, large smoking-room and wide verandah are the great features. The architects, Mr. Cyril Tubbs and Mr. Messer, have had plenty of previous experience of the needs of a golf



Keene.

WEST SURREY CLUB, MILFORD.

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club, as they designed the Worpleston club-house as well as superintending the alterations to the Woking Golf Club. All the service arrangements appear to be convenient, with the one exception of the drying-room. It is

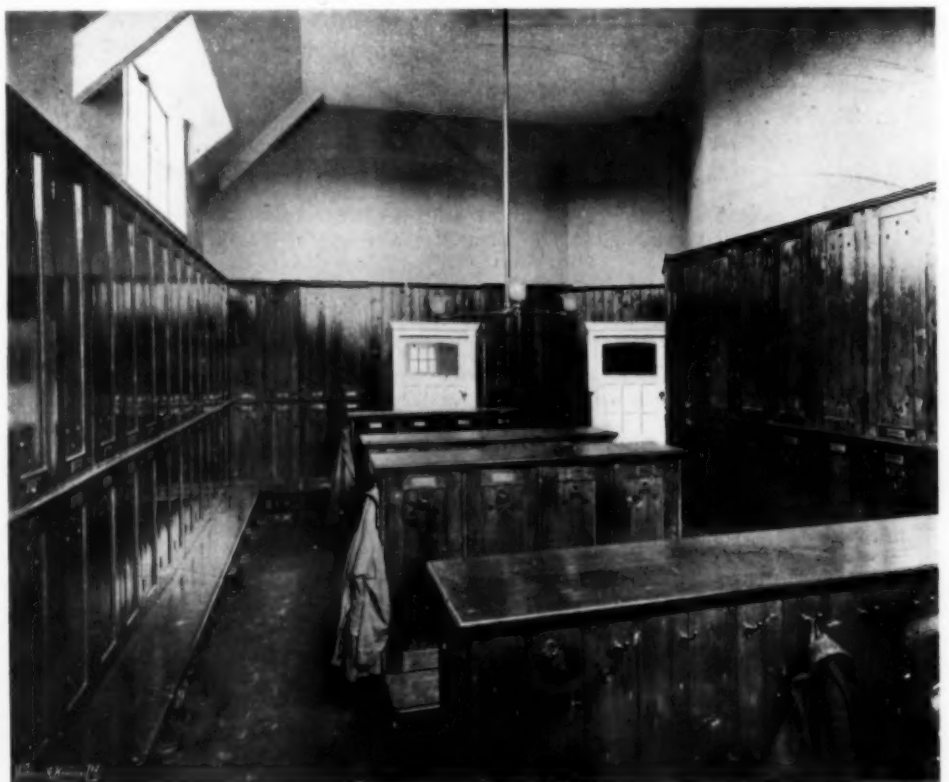
which must be considered moderate. A photograph is shown of the locker-room, and it might serve as a model of what can be done in this respect. For a large club two or three or more rooms of this description would prove more comfortable and useful than the barrack-like apartment which is so often provided.

The plan designed by Messrs. Colclutt and Hamp is for a still larger house. One of the great features about this clever design is that all the buildings connected with the club are grouped together to form a quadrangle. The dining-room is placed upstairs, with a broad balcony, so that a good view can be obtained of the links. The club-room on the ground floor, which is in the nature of an inner hall, forms a convenient connecting link between the rest of the house and the rooms set apart for the ladies and for the kitchens. The latter are all that can be desired, and the special room for chauffeurs, with a good fireplace, will be much appreciated by them after a cold drive in the winter. In working a club it is always difficult to hide the empty bottles, mineral-water cases and other "empties" that have to be returned to their owners, and a steward will certainly be glad to see the large covered shed provided for this purpose, and the place reserved for wood, which can be also used for cleaning boots and knives.

The professional and caddie-master are close to the front door, yet the caddies are kept well in the background. The wine store on the ground floor might be used for a servants' hall, and the staircase adjoining be omitted, as there is already another staircase close at hand for the servants to use, and other provision for wine on the first floor, while cellarage could be easily constructed under the main building. But

always most difficult to keep members out of this apartment, and on a wet day they will be sure to obstruct the servants in their work between the kitchen, service and dining rooms. Apart from this, the servants who have charge of the wet clothes will be obliged to bring the dripping garments of those members who have been induced by gentle persuasion to keep away from the precincts of the drying-room by a route including either the dining-room or the service-room. It is suggested that some small portion of the dressing-rooms might be reserved for the drying-room, and the steward would probably be pleased to have the space now occupied by this room as a storeroom, where he could keep some of his reserve supplies under lock and key. The wide corridor used for lockers is a delightful feature, and it will be readily observed that all the reception-rooms are entirely free from the shade caused by the wide verandah, and are thus well lighted and will catch all the sun.

Mr. A. E. Kirk has designed an excellent house for the Alwoodley Golf Club. It is of a homely character, without ornate details, and built to accommodate about one hundred and fifty men and eighty ladies. There are two drying-rooms, which are sure to prove a great convenience. The cost was a trifle over two thousand pounds,



ALWOODLEY.

it is hard to criticise when everything is so excellent and convenient. Occasionally there is an opportunity of using an old farmhouse for the headquarters of the club. The illustration of the club-house of the New Zealand Golf Club gives a good idea of what can be advantageously done in this respect.



A QUADRANGULAR PLAN.

The interior arrangements are good, and the exterior is certainly pleasing to the eye and simple in its treatment.

There is no space for an example of the very small club-house. But a wooden building with a thatched roof and a wide verandah at once suggests itself as the most suitable. If that be objected to, dark grey Bridgewater tiles on a building made of pine slabs with the bark left on would be a good substitute, but only a substitute.

HARRY S. COLT.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

A DRIVING CHAMPIONSHIP.

SET competition in driving, which should decide the long-distance championship of the world, would provide an entertaining spectacle, but it would also deprive the golfing community of an inexhaustible topic of discussion and speculation. There is quite an appreciable number of extraordinarily long hitters, each of whom has a body of supporters who are quite certain that their particular man is the longest driver in the world. Some years ago there would hardly have been so great a diversity of opinion. There was Douglas Rolland and there was Mr. Edward Blackwell, and these two would probably have come out incomparably far ahead of any rivals if there had been a plebiscite on the subject. When Rolland retired from active play Mr. Blackwell was for a while alone in his glory and was generally recognised as the driver. Now it is possible to name half-a-dozen or so whose claims would not lack for advocates. There is Mr. Blackwell, who is still enormously long, if not quite so terrific as he once was. Then, keeping to the amateurs, there are Mr. Angus Hambro and Mr. Abe Mitchell, while in the matter of hitting down wind it is hardly possible to conceive anyone longer than Mr. J. A. Robertson-Durham. In the professional ranks we have, among a host of fine hitters, Horne, who drove some almost incredible distance at North Berwick last summer, Ray and the Frenchman Dauge.

MR. ABE MITCHELL AND DAUGE.

Perhaps the most interesting from out this array of sloggers are Mr. Mitchell and Dauge, for the reason that they are the newest arrivals in the lists. Unfortunately, they have never been on a course together, and there are comparatively few people in the world who have seen them both drive. Moreover, they do not play on courses which have famous landmarks from which their prowess can be judged. Mr. Mitchell plays all his golf on the rather short course at Ashdown Forest, where at many of the holes there are belts of heather across the fairway intended to catch the erring second shot. Needless to say, Mr. Mitchell spends his life playing his second shots out of this heather, if, indeed, he does not carry it from the tee. How far he would go if there was no heather we shudder to think, for he is certainly a quite astounding driver, more especially as regards length of carry. Who that saw it will ever forget the brassie shot that he hit against the wind on to the green of the "Dun" hole at Hoylake? Dauge has not yet been seen in this country, but the things we hear of him are sufficiently imposing. Braid has solemnly declared that Dauge's ball habitually pitches as far as the champion's ball runs. Braid also tells how at one hole at La Boulie he took a full shot with a driver without the least fear and was comfortably short of a certain bunker. Dauge took his cleft for safety and his ball was buried in the depths of the bunker.

AN ARTISAN MATCH.

There was an interesting match played a few days ago between the artisans of Walton Heath and those of the Cantelupe Club from Forest Row. Walton Heath won the match, and, considering that they are much the younger institution, deserve great credit for doing so. The most thrilling encounter was between

Ritchie, the assistant in Braid's shop, who has been playing so finely this year, and the great Mr. Abe Mitchell. The Ashdown Forest man had had something the best of it in previous encounters, but this time Ritchie turned the tables and won by two up and one to play. The driving in that match must have been something to make the ordinary man gasp. There was some splendid golf played in some of the other matches. Another Mitchell, Charles by name, had a round of 72, and that with a very poor finish—a six and two fives at the last three holes. Yet another, Tom Mitchell, a really beautiful player, won his match very handsomely; but the Cantelupers lost the match because they had such a poor supply of Mitchells. All told, including those that are professionals, there are some ten or eleven of them, and their club had to go into the field with a paltry allowance of three or four. Next week there is to be a return match, and then, with all the Mitchells with their feet upon their native heath, the men of Walton may expect a warm reception.

THE IRISH CARNIVAL.

Next week begins the annual carnival of golf in Ireland. First comes the Irish Championship at Portrush and then the South of Ireland Championship at Lahinch in County Clare. The entries for the first-named grow larger and larger every year, and this time we hear of something like a hundred and fifty players. A large proportion of these are generally Scotsmen, and this Irish meeting is becoming a regular battle-ground on which some of the younger Scottish players win their spurs. Last year two young Scotsmen sprang into fame at Dollymount, Mr. Garson of Troon and Mr. Lyttle of Burntisland. Neither had previously had any but a local reputation; yet Mr. Garson reached the final, where he only lost to the redoubtable Mr. Munn on the last green. Mr. Lyttle carried off the prize in the scoring competition with a very fine round, ran a long way through the tournament, and later on carried off the South of Ireland Championship. This year no doubt some other new luminaries will arise; but in spite of all the Saxon and Scottish invaders, Mr. Munn will probably start a favourite. Two distinct parts of Ireland are entitled to take a pride in Mr. Munn's golf. His native course is the very excellent nine-hole one at Buncrana, and so the golfers of Donegal are certainly entitled to claim him. However, Dublin has some claims also, because it was while he was at Trinity College that Mr. Munn played a very great deal at Dollymount, and it was there that he won his championship last year. Portrush, although one of the oldest and most distinguished of Irish links, has rather curiously not produced any very good golfers; that is to say, not of the male sex. It can, however, boast of some very illustrious ladies—Mrs. Cuthell and Mrs. Ross (better known as Miss Adair and Miss May Hezlet), Miss Stuart and the Misses F. and V. Hezlet.

A "HOLE IN ONE" STORY.

Judging by the frequency with which we read of such occurrences in the morning papers, nearly every golfer alive must by this time have done one hole in one stroke. We heard the other day of a slight variation which is rather more interesting. There are on the ladies' links at Ashdown Forest two greens which lie rather near together, the fifth and sixth. A gentleman playing for the sixth put his ball with his tee shot into the fifth hole. He picked it out, dropped behind the green and proceeded to hole out again, this time at the proper hole. This, to be sure, was not a one at all; it was only a two. Still, it was a very glorious two, for it practically comprised in itself two individual ones. *A propos* of ones, it may be worth recording another incident that happened some while ago at Royston. Two superlatively bad players came to the seventh hole, and A did it in one. The eighth is also a short hole, and here B turned the tables and did his one. Anyone who should have been playing their better ball—a very easy task as a rule—would have experienced something of a shock.

KENNEL NOTES.

SOME FOREIGN DOGS.

SCARCELY a year passes without witnessing some addition to the Canidae with which we are familiar. Sometimes the acquisition may be justified on the score of looks or utility, but in many cases one wonders why the newcomer should be given preference over the domestic varieties. The caprices of fashion are altogether inexplicable. Take the little Pekingese, for instance. For several years odd specimens were exhibited without attracting more than passing notice, and at least five were in England in the very early sixties, one being in Queen Victoria's kennels at Windsor, two at Goodwood and the other couple in the possession of Lord John Hay. Then all at once someone seems to have decided that the "lion dog," as he is called, was good, and he promptly became the rage. In what way is he superior to the several sub-varieties of toy spaniels which have been natives for three or four centuries at the very least? It can scarcely be claimed that the Pekingese is handsomer than these, and as far as beauty is concerned most people would unhesitatingly give the palm to the really charming Japanese dog. The delicacy of the latter, however, and the hardness of his Chinese cousin form a legitimate excuse for the greater popularity of the latter. Other importations are more easily explained. We can understand why the beautiful Borzoi should become a favourite; his handsome appearance and graceful lines fully justify the admiration bestowed upon him. All the same, the Afghan hounds, of very similar build and, again, of striking form, may be counted on the fingers of one's hands. Some have accused them of being less amenable to the influences of civilisation than others, but I cannot say if the reproach is deserved. At home they are said to exhibit signs of treachery, which may, however, not be so much due to innate wickedness as to the manner in which they are reared. Apparently they take after their masters in disposition. The Great Dane has fully justified his advent, for, when well bred and typical, it would be difficult to imagine anything finer in the way of dog flesh. All through he is satisfactory to the eye. It is not surprising that he is about at the top of the big dog list just at present, and the boom seems likely to increase rather than diminish. Great Dane-breeders deserve our respect, for the care and skill involved in rearing such a large animal

straight and sound is not to be under-rated. It is really great. Apart from that, the demand for surplus stock must necessarily be restricted owing to the disinclination of many people to find house room and board for a creature of his inches and weight. He may be gentle enough in the house and all one could wish as regards manners, while as a guard he has no superior; but when we have admitted all this, we are face to face with the fact that his maintenance costs a good deal more than that of a fox-terrier or Aire-dale. This may account for the fact that, despite his popularity as a show dog, the prices commanded by Great Dane puppies are ridiculously small, and altogether out of proportion to the cost involved in the upkeep of a large kennel. Why, it is possible to get a Dane of the highest lineage and of quite respectable promise for the sum of five pounds. No one can claim that this is satisfactory, for it is the very reverse. The dogs of the colder regions, such as elkhounds, Samoyedes and Eskimos, are all so distinctive that it is not to be wondered at that they should have admirers in plenty. One would almost expect to find more of them. The Dingo has good looks, but we doubt his manners, deeming him fitter for the Zoological Gardens than as a companion for ordinary men and women. His propensities to hunt any living thing also make it desirable that he should be kept under restraint. The Pyrenean mountain dogs exhibited at the Kennel Club Show last year by Lady Sybil Grant, although new to the majority of people, were not altogether novelties, Queen Victoria having owned one at Windsor as long ago as 1845. His portrait by Joy shows him to have been almost identical in type with Lady Sybil's, which suggests that the race has been preserved in its purity for a good many generations. Cabbas was said to have been the only dog to bite Her late Majesty among the many hundreds she had possessed. These dogs might almost pass for rather lanky St. Bernards, white in colour with dark brindle markings. Formidable-looking Thibetan mastiffs have made fugitive appearances upon these shores without becoming acclimatised, so to speak. Lord Hardinge, when Viceroy of India in 1847, sent one home to the Queen, and solitary specimens have appeared at different times. The last of which I have heard was exhibited by Major Dougall at the Crystal Palace a few years ago, where he was bought by Sir William Ingram. Smaller creatures that have come under notice have been Lhasa spaniels and Thibet terriers of which small classes were to be seen at the last Ladies' Kennel Association Show. Speaking of the latter, Sir James Bourdillon, who judged, alludes to them as charming companions, gentle, intelligent and affectionate, and deserving to be better known. He reminds us that in Thibet there are two distinct types, a large and a small, but owing to careless breeding examples of intermediate size are to be found. This is by no means an exhaustive list, in which should be included Mexican hairless dogs, and the quaint little Chihuahuas, Brussels griffons, Schipperkes, Chow Chows, French bulldogs and others have now distinct classification provided at the Kennel Club, and we are able to breed as good as, or better than, in their native lands.

DANGEROUS DOGS.

Dogs may not bite people with impunity, but there may at times be mitigating circumstances which do not warrant damages being awarded to the injured person. The other day a County Court judge dismissed a case brought by a lady, holding that she had been guilty of contributory negligence in failing to see the notice "Beware of the dog" over the kennel. The animal, in addition, was only on a short chain.

BASQUE SHEEPDOGS.

Lady Castlereagh, who for several years has had a good strain of bloodhounds, is now seeking to make known the Basque sheep-dog, which, from photographs I have seen, is an intelligent-looking fellow, with many agreeable points. Lady Castlereagh has a nice litter, of which the sire is a dog owned by her sister, Miss Chaplin. In their native provinces these dogs are becoming more rare, and it is said to have taken two years in which to find one good enough for importation. If a few others can be brought over of different blood it should not be difficult to found a strain in this country, and perhaps thus preserve the race. Care will, of course, have to be taken to ensure getting the best type. They are bigger than our own sheepdogs, with rough, wiry coats, and are said to possess a high order of intelligence, combined with great fidelity to their owners. Lady Castlereagh is having some trained for sheep-driving. It is usual to dock them close, a practice of which Lady Castlereagh does not approve, and as they carry handsome tails it seems really unnecessary. No doubt it would emphasise the somewhat ursine look which they already possess in shape and gait, but otherwise purposeless mutilation is not desirable, although the operation, as performed on very young puppies, does not appear to occasion much pain.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

HAMPSHIRE BARKERS AT WORK.

IN the springtime, when primroses are carpeting the copses and hedgerows, there come gangs of men into the peaceful woods to fell the oak trees and take off their bark. They work hard, for their job only lasts during the flow of the sap, it being impossible to bark trees unless the sap is in them, and the gang are paid for the weight of the bark which they can manage to strip off in that time.

There are three distinct "flights" of sap, each lasting about a fortnight. If the weather is warm, the first flight may begin early in April; but if checked by frosty nights, perhaps not until the beginning of May. The last flight is at midsummer. The first one, just as the buds are beginning to swell, is the best, as the bark is then heavy with sap; and the last one is much the poorest. The bark ought to make a rattling sound when taken off, but there is little or no "rattle" in midsummer bark, and it is much lighter, as the sap is in the leaves. Only "black" trees, *i.e.*, trees that will not strip in the spring, are left till then. First of all, the bark has to be tested to see if it is ready to strip. To do this a man goes up to the oak, cuts a bit off a branch, and is thus able to see if the sap is well up. This is really the best test. But very often, instead of climbing up, he marks out with his axe a broad belt on the standing tree two or three feet above the ground, and into the cut inserts his stripping iron, which is an instrument something like a very long chisel. If



SAWING THE TRUNK.

the bark does not part readily from the wood, but sticks and breaks, it shows that the sap is not yet flowing, and the tree must be left till later on in the season. If, however, it is ready, the barkers can run round the tree, removing the whole ring in one piece, so that it can be stood up on the ground like a gigantic cuff. Next the "breach" bark is removed. This is the part below the belt, and is the very best piece. It is taken off very carefully in narrow strips running right down to the base of the trunk, and the stripping sounds just like tearing calico.

It is important to throw the tree in the right place, so as to avoid damaging its neighbours, and unless it has a decided lean in the desired direction, this has to be managed by means of a "sink" and wedges. The "sink" is made by chopping away some of the trunk on the side to which the tree is to be made to fall. Then the big cross-cut saw comes into play, and iron wedges are driven in closely following the saw. If the latter gets too far ahead, it becomes impossible to get the wedge in. It simply flies out when struck, and the tree is liable to fall backwards over the saw, and probably does a great deal of unnecessary damage. The men work in gangs and very hard. "Ours is a very busy job," they say;



DIVIDING THE BARK WITH AN AXE.

their job to strip the smaller branches, while the ganger usually does the body bark or trunk pieces. The barkers begin early in the morning and go on till dark; but, though the work is hard, they find it very pleasant in the woods in spring, and the outdoor life seems to suit them. Dinner-hour is a welcome break in the day's work. The youngest colt is always also the cook, and it is his duty to attend to the fire and make enormous canfuls of cocoa and tea. He gives a long whistle when all is ready, and the men throw down their tools, whistle to distant barkers and go back to the camp, where they cluster round the fire outside the tent, cooking slices of bacon on pointed sticks

"you see, we have got to do it all while it runs," and the dirtier they get from the sticky sap the better pleased they are, as it shows that it is running well. Three skilful men will completely strip a medium-sized tree in two or three hours. The bark is first divided into lengths of about two feet. Then, to loosen it, the cuts are tapped with the back of a bill-hook or an axe, and the whole piece is levered off with the stripper. Cold weather and night frosts make it sticky and hard to take off, but warm weather makes the bark "run" well. The younger members of the gang are called "colts," and it is



STRIPPING THE BARK.



ROUND THE FIRE.

and drinking basins of cocoa. When a tree has been entirely stripped, forked sticks are driven into the ground with cross poles between them, and the pieces of bark are neatly stood up on end to dry, leaning against each other with the rough bark outside and supported by the ridge pole. The big trunk pieces are laid bark upwards along the top to keep out the rain, and the whole thing looks like a long, dark caterpillar crawling along the ground beside the stark white tree. This is called the "range," and it remains there for a couple of weeks or a month, with the air freely circulating, until the bark is brown

all through and quite dry and brittle. There is now no fear of its getting mouldy, so it is piled up into ricks or taken under cover into a barn, where it remains until the autumn, when the "hatchers" arrive. With their "draw shaves" (a knife with two handles) they scrape off all the rough outer bark and lichen, leaving only the inner bark. The scrapings used always to be saved for the curing of bacon, but owing to the introduction of creosote there is not now much demand for them. Finally, the inner bark is cut up into small pieces and sent in bags to the tanyard.

G. M. WOOD.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE has the distinction of writing the first complete and satisfactory life of that strange genius who has been nicknamed the Caliph of Fonthill and the Sultan of Lansdowne Tower. His *Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill* (Author of "Vathek") (Heinemann) is a book that has all the material of a novel and only wanted a little more freedom of writing and activity of imagination to have become the most enthralling of romances. Beckford's history has engaged many skilful pens, and it would be impossible in the space allotted to us to give any summary of his career that would be at all satisfactory. The best we can do, therefore, is to dwell on one or two sides of it. The author of "Vathek," the son of Alderman Beckford by his second wife, was born at Fonthill-Giffard in Wiltshire, on October 1st, 1760. He had the fortune, good or bad, to be born one of the richest people of his age. Perhaps it would have been better for himself and for us if he had been obliged to force his way through a career like ordinary mortals. There is no doubt that Beckford was gifted far beyond the ordinary with some of the finest attributes that belong to humanity—a wonderful imagination, an exquisite taste and a novelist's closeness of observation. He might have gone anywhere and done anything if in early life he had been subjected to discipline and self-control. Even as it was, labouring as he had to labour

under certain disadvantages that the inheritance of immense wealth brings, he succeeded in obtaining a unique position in the gallery of famous Englishmen. He was one of the very greatest collectors at a time when collecting was by no means the organised science that it is to-day. He brought together one of the greatest libraries ever connected with this country, and he built Fonthill. Whether he should be applauded, or the reverse, for the last mentioned of these performances is a question upon which in these days of keen architectural criticism we feel diffident about giving a decided opinion. We do know, however, that the great successes of this world are built upon magnificent failures, and it was the striving of those men of the late eighteenth century towards something better, even though they did not properly realise what was better and what was worse, that led to the clearer light of a later day.

But the human interest about the man is his most delightful feature. We find it well illustrated in his lively and flippant letters to Lady Hamilton:

What good can such a Being as me be of—in our boisterous Parliament? Enter it I must—but 'tis my own fault if I sacrifice to Ambition both Health and enjoyment.—No, let me be happy and flutter in the light—a few years longer.—Let me spread the wings of imagination a season—Age will soon draw on—and the gay texture be shrivelled.

Beckford was a master of the lost art of letter-writing, and merely to turn the pages of this book and read his letters as

they turn up is an education in itself; an education, that is, in style and in the art of living. Nor was he superficial either. We have such judgments as that on Byron to show the clearness of his insight:

Byron is a splendid bouquet of intellectual voluptuousness—a genius—a great genius, but an irregular one, his poetic flight is like that of a fire-fly, alternate flashes of light and dark.

And life had prepared trials for him that afford a glimpse of something deeper and more passionate than was shown to the world of fashion. In the Assembly Rooms at Bath he first met Lady Margaret Gordon, with whom he fell in love at once. They were married on May 5th, 1783, and lived very happily together. The following gives a glimpse of the life they led:

Our Balls continue quite amusing—a fine show of young innocent Tits in the first Heyday of Spirits and tender inclinations, prancing and curvetting and giggling and whisking from one room to another.

But this happiness did not endure long. The couple had spent their honeymoon travelling, and at the end of a year thought to have settled for an indefinite period under Southern skies, and so took up their quarters at the Château de la Tour near Vevy. There, in June, 1784, was born their first daughter, and on May 14th, 1786, another; but a fortnight later the young mother died. It was feared at the time that Beckford would lose his reason. His friends saved him from such a catastrophe with difficulty. His biographer very finely says:

Though time mercifully mitigated the transports of his grief it never ousted from his mind the memory of his gracious beautiful wife. Rarely he spoke of her, but when he did speak of her it was in a way that made it clear that she was always in his mind; though his wealth and genius made him the target of fortune-hunters, he never thought of marrying again; and his tender memories of her, enduring through the passage of years, acting upon an emotional nature, may have had more to do with his subsequent retirement than is generally supposed.

Passing by the years in which he was rendered dull by grief, we come to what, perhaps, is the most interesting chapter in the book—that dealing with William Beckford at Fonthill Abbey. He was there forced into a kind of seclusion, not entertaining or accepting invitations, but preferring books and pictures to dinners and balls. The country squires did not understand it, and thought it a bad jest when he forbade the Hunt to ride over his estate. They did not dream of his being able to enforce his wishes, and were disagreeably surprised when, in his own magnificent way, he gave orders that a wall twelve feet high should be built within a year enclosing his lands, a wall seven or eight miles in extent. While this was in construction he went abroad. He succeeded in barring out his neighbours, but he also made a great many enemies. This only made him all the more jealous of interference. Here he had many curious visitors, concerning whom strange legends sprang up. Among them was the Duchess of Gordon, who at that time was looking out for a husband for her daughter. It gave Beckford an opportunity for playing off one of his most elaborate jokes. He made all due preparations for giving the Duchess a magnificent reception, but when they were completed

I ordered my major-domo to say, on the Duchess's arrival, that it was unfortunate, everything being arranged for her Grace's reception, Mr. Beckford had shut himself up on a sudden, a way he had at times, and that it was more than his place was worth to disturb him, as his master only appeared when he pleased, forbidding interruption even if the King came to Fonthill. I had just received a new stock of books, and had them removed to the room of which I had taken possession. The Duchess conducted herself with great equanimity, and seemed much surprised and gratified at what she saw, and the mode of her reception—just as I desired she should be.

The next day her first question on waking was, "Do you think Mr. Beckford will be visible to-day?" But he was not, and for seven or eight days this went on, until the Duchess gave up the hunt and departed. Thus did he give a severe lesson to a match-making mother. Some of his visitors, however, were as welcome as they were illustrious. Among them was Lord Nelson, who made a triumphal procession from Salisbury with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who took a conspicuous part in the entertainment:

On the third and last day of the visit the festivities were transferred to the Abbey, where in the great library Lady Hamilton struck one of her famous attitudes. "She appeared in the character of Agrippina, bearing the ashes of Germanicus in a golden urn, and as presenting herself before the Roman people with the design of exciting them to revenge the death of her husband; who, having been declared joint-emperor by Tiberius, fell a victim to his envy, and is supposed to have been poisoned by his order at the head of the forces which he was leading against the rebellious Armenians." So runs the account of one who was present.

Another distinguished visitor was Samuel Rogers, who gives the following account of the place:

I was struck rather by the refinement than by the magnificence of the hospitality at Fonthill. I slept in a bedroom which opened into a gallery where lights were kept burning all night. In that gallery was a picture of St. Antonio, to which it was said Beckford would sometime steal and pay his devotions.

Further appreciation was shown by Rogers in a letter to Byron, dated February 8th, 1818:

I was in Wiltshire the other day and paid a visit to the Abbey of Fonthill. The woods recalled Vallombrosa, the Abbey the Duomo of Milan, and as for its interior, the length of the galleries (only think of 330 feet), the splendour of the cabinets, and the magical illusions of light and shade, realised all my visions. Then he played and sung—and the effect was singular—like the pealings of a distant choir, now swelling, now dying away. He read me his travels in Portugal, and the stories related in that small chamber in the Palace of Eblis.

AMERICA IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Law of the Bolo, by Stanley Portal Hyatt. (T. Werner Laurie.)

A HEAVY indictment this! All the world suffers from fools in high places, but rascals in high places still arouse a sense of surprise, and every fresh book that deals with American political methods, by none so ruthlessly exposed or so wrathfully deplored as by the Americans themselves, rouses anew a feeling of incredulity that such a country should submit to such a system. The scene of Mr. Hyatt's new novel is laid in the Philippines, and his subject is the American rule thereof. It is a sufficiently scathing condemnation. Cranks who consider that the native should be treated as a sort of superior white, with more than a white's privileges and none of his duties, are rampant everywhere; but the unfortunate Philippines were already the happy hunting-grounds of the class of man who considers the native not as "a little brown brother," but as a spoil, and between the two the islands, according to Mr. Hyatt, have fared but badly. But America, as other countries, is luckier in her children than her rulers, and fiction is true to fact in depicting her as still finding men to serve her. Captain Hayle, a Southerner and a soldier, works out the salvation of the people entrusted to him according to his own methods, which are not his Government's, and his dealings with the fools who hamper him and the villains who harry him make good reading. The other hero of the book is one Feligardo, an old islander whom tyranny drove to the mountains and stupidity keeps there. These two men are enough of themselves to make the fortune of any high romance, but the one woman in it is a sufficiently romantic figure also, though she is but lightly drawn; and the interest his heroine arouses gains its chief strength from her dignified endurance of an intolerable situation. Whether the law of the bolo, which is another name for the law of might, is the only alternative to the mingled sentimentality and villainy which apparently ruled the islands in Hayle's days, is open to doubt; but the book which contends for this view is at least the work of a man. It is impatient and vigorous; its uncompromising contempt rings in every line; and its merit, which is great, consists largely in just that quality which prevents it from possessing other merit. It is as the work of a man, indignant and honest, and with a lance to break, that it takes its high place, and not as the work of an artist.

THE LIFE OF A DUTCH PEASANT.

Harmen Pols, by Maarten Maarteas. (Methuen.)

ONE of the secrets of Mr. Maarten's success as a writer is the admirable relation between his subject and his style. There are peasants, simple and straightforward, moved at times by the strangest of motives, yet never examining or questioning them, going forward on the road to which they feel impelled whether it be the road of suffering or no, and enduring passion, misery, jealousy and pain in bewilderment and horror of spirit—but in silence. Here is a style that sets these people forth without ornament or circumlocution, breaking at times into a coarse and simple humour, relating without dissecting, earnest and contemplative, concerned with the matter in hand and its meaning, and leaving it to the reader to draw the conclusions of the whole. Style and subject make the same impression, and the result is a unity that does not fail of its effect. The inner life of these Dutch peasants gradually thrusts itself up through the monotony of their outer lives. The strange contrast between the lack of reserve in the conditions of existence that poverty entails upon the poor, and the depth of reserve with which each holds a secret from the other, untouched and immune, through a lifetime, makes itself steadily more and more felt. The situation gathers strength with every page, till at last it forces truth from the lips, the story of each self-tormented soul lies bare, and the long love of Harmen's mother for Govert Blass and the long jealousy of Harmen's father alike find outlet and expiation. A kindlier story Mr. Maarten has never written. Even the sordidly humorous relations of old Aunt Carlina and her young husband have some touch of sincerity, and Harmen himself, a fine and honest nature, is occupied throughout in the search for a straight path through the tangle his elders seem to have made of life. But the charm of the book is the picture of Harmen's mother, Mr. Maarten has never drawn a sweeter soul, and the tale of her wistful expiation of the sin that was so much less a sin than her son and husband thought is full of pathos. The minor characters and surroundings of the Dutch farm-life are as faithfully and incisively drawn as ever, and altogether Mr. Maarten is sincerely to be congratulated on his new book.

THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR.

Lauristons, by John Oxenham. (Methuen.)

WRITTEN with care and accuracy, and showing an earnestness of thought and intention that would atone for more shortcomings than it has to atone for here, this book yet fails somehow to carry conviction, though why it would be hard to say. It is a tale of the earlier days of Napoleon, and turns on that mistaken move of his when he shut the ports and drew his net on all the English within his borders. Marie was among them, and John Sax went to seek her with the courage of his kind; and many things came for the Lauristons of that move of Napoleon's, things time could never mend again. The chief character is that of Charles Lauriston, the great banker, and the chief interest, in spite of John Sax and Marie, is the hardness of his path back to honour after he has been led almost unconsciously into wrong-doing.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Little Company of Ruth, by Annie E. Holdsworth. (Methuen.)

The Hyena of Kallu, by Louise Gerard. (Methuen.)

Service, by Constance Smedley. (Chatto and Windus.)

Promise, by E. Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

England Before the Norman Conquest, by Charles Oman. (Methuen.)

Early Victorian: A Village Chronicle, by S. G. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BEAR IN CHINESE PAINTING.
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the interesting article on Chinese pictures and painting published in your issue of August 20th, the author has misidentified the bear depicted on page 250 in company with a golden eagle. On page 251 the writer of the article refers to the bear as "sloth bear of, I believe, the Himalayan breed." As a matter of fact, the sloth bear (*Melursus ursinus*) is an exclusively Indian species, unknown even in the Himalaya. Moreover, the bear represented in the picture, which dates from the Ming Dynasty, circa 1600, is not a sloth bear at all, but undoubtedly the much smaller brian, or Malay bear (*Ursus malayanus*), which is a very different animal. The small size of the animal depicted may be gathered by comparing its dimensions with those of the golden eagle overhead; while other characteristics and unmistakable features of the brian are the close and compact fur, the length and light colour of the claws and the extension of the light area of the muzzle on to the face so far as a line somewhat near the eyes. This last-mentioned feature is, indeed, found in no other species of bear, so that the identification with the brian is indisputable. This being so, the picture is of great interest from a natural history point of view, for in the "Proceedings" of the Zoological Society of London for 1906, page 997, I recorded for the first time in English literature the occurrence of the brian in China. Previously the range of the species was known to include the Malay Peninsula, Java, Sumatra, Burma, Tenasserim, Arakan, Chittagong and the Garo Hills, but the skull described by myself indicates that the animal extends from Burma through Yunnan into the Sze-chuen province of North-Western China. The fact was, however, I now learn, well known to the painters of the Ming Dynasty, the presence in the picture under discussion of the golden eagle indicating that the scene was laid in the North of China. I may add that the deer shown on the same page as the bear is the Chinese representative of the Japanese sika (*Cervus sika*), the light colour of the gland patch on the lower part of the hind leg and the black tail tip indicating that it is not intended for the allied, but larger, Pekin or Dybowski's deer (*C. hortulanus*). The white spots on the coat of the deer, coupled with the full foliage of the trees, show that a summer scene is depicted.

—R. LYDEKKER.

ARCHITECTURAL COPYRIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think architectural copyright would be embarrassing to the architect and fatal to the natural development of architecture. If an architect's work is sufficiently interesting to influence others, intelligent plagiarism is all to the good. Old houses were as much alike as peas in a pod. No one thought of copyrighting his ideas, and so a respectable standard was maintained. Now and then a builder with more ideas than his fellows did something that set the country-side talking, and all the others followed in his footsteps. It seems to me that this is the only possible line of advance. Of course, the wholesale pillage of designs from the professional journals by incompetent charlatans is abominable, and the caricaturing of an architect's building is painful to the architect and bad for architecture; but I believe the proposed cure would be worse than the disease. The remedy lies very much in the hands of the public. If they become more discriminating, the purveyors of architectural hash will find their occupation gone, and with them will disappear any necessity for architectural copyright.—ERNEST NEWTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not think there is the least chance of the Copyright Bill becoming law in so far as it concerns architecture, nor can I see how it would be of any assistance to architects. You cannot, I think, copyright ideas in any form of art, and the man who grudges the flattering repetition of any contribution he can make to architectural style is not likely to be very productive. There may be instances of flagrant and complete repetition of a design, but I do not think they are numerous or important enough to justify such complicated machinery as the law would establish to prevent their recurrence. An architectural design of any great value depends for its effect on so many subtle conditions, set up by the special requirements of the owner and the particular site for which it has been designed, that any attempt to copy it under altered conditions would entirely falsify its value. Fine and satisfying architecture is so scarce that it is quite clear that there has been very little successful copying of the essentials so far. The experience of most architects who are anxious about their work is, I think, that they are sorry for the man who is trying to repeat a design with which they are fairly disgusted long before it is finished. We all owe so much to our assiduous copying of the best traditional architecture, even to the point of getting Nature's texture in addition, that we should not grudge any living appreciation of our success. After all, can anyone successfully copy an art which owes so much to the refining touches given by personal supervision and the particular setting of a building? Some of us know too well the difficulty of getting the particular character of a vernacular style, even with working examples before us, to have much fear of the builder or amateur architect doing much harm in his attempts to copy our designs successfully. The law is already sufficiently ill-informed in all matters of art without adding a new possibility of misunderstanding. Architects are only too anxious to get their designs reproduced at every opportunity, and they must not be surprised if the public take advantage of their generosity without always acknowledging it. They will learn in time how little value there is in drawings without the proper personal interpretation of the designer. Personally, I agree with Mr. Voysey "that it behoves the artist to create fresh beauty before the imitator has time to tread on his heels."—P. MORLEY HORDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The question of copyright in architecture is far more complicated than a similar question in any of the other arts. For architecture is the most imitative of them all, and even those architects who are now regarded as the most original would probably be surprised—could they live so long—to see a hundred years hence how neatly their work could be fitted into its proper pigeon-hole in the history of twentieth-century architectural development. Even now it is possible for those who have made any study of the matter to date within a decade, from evidence of style, almost every house that was built in this country during the nineteenth century, and this in spite of the seeming chaos and striving after originality which marked that period. What is wanted, I venture to think, nowadays—at any rate in the provinces—is less effort after originality and

more scholarship, i.e., more trained ability to imitate intelligently and adapt the spirit of the best of modern, as well as of ancient, work. It therefore seems to me that the legal protection of architecture can do but little good, and may actually do harm, to the orderly evolution of architectural design. The best solution would probably be found in the legal registration of architects; then if any architect should be convicted of any flagrant act of "lifting" a plan or feature he would be dealt with by the duly authorised and competent body—presumably the council of the Institute of Architects—who could "strike him off the rolls" and thus prevent his capacity for further harm by debarring him from practice.—SYDNEY D. KITSON.

OWLS AND THEIR PREY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The food of owls has long been an interesting and, to many (who have never taken the trouble to verify facts), a debatable point. Your correspondent's interesting pictures and account of a tame tawny owl taking fish and newts once more raises the question. Briefly, after many years of close investigation, I have come to the following conclusions. First, the long-eared owl: This species, it would seem, lives largely on small birds, chiefly of the finch, wagtail and pipit tribe, together with starlings and the thrush family. But it also captures quantities of long-tailed field-mice, and is not averse to half-grown squirrels and beetles, while occasionally a young rabbit goes to swell its larder. The short-eared owl feeds largely on field-voles, varied by sundry small rabbits and such small birds as are to be found in the bare, treeless districts it affects. The barn owl's dietary is more varied. In its menu may be found rats, mice, voles, shrews, beetles, together with, only in a less degree, small birds (particularly of the finch tribe) and beetles, while occasional pairs are responsible for the undoing of bats, frogs and fish. I have seen the barn owl catch fish on several occasions. But it is by no means a customary habit of the species. Last on the list of truly British-breeding owls (the little owl is, I am sure, in all cases an importation or the descendant of one) comes the tawny owl, and he lives largely on small birds (the finch and thrush tribe form favourite victims), mice of all kinds, voles, beetles and young rabbits. Indeed, a good many pairs of tawny owls live, at the right season, on young rabbits, and in Wales this species might well have been called "rabbit owl." Although I have never yet seen a tawny owl catch fish, I have on several occasions found the relics of fish in their "nests," also the remnants of such "big game" as squirrels, doves and jackdaws, while once I produced a weasel from the larder of a tawny owl. The tawny owl must, I am afraid, plead guilty on very rare occasions indeed to the taking of pheasant poults. I have witnessed this offence on two or three different occasions; moreover, that there should be no question about it, the offender was shot. But this very occasional wrong-doing must not for a moment be confounded with quite a frequent habit of owls—that of pouncing on rats and mice in front of the pheasant coops in the rearing-field, these pests being, of course, attracted thereto by the pheasant food. And though it may have occasionally occurred, I have yet to find the remains of game-birds in and around the breeding sites or daily resorts of long-eared, short-eared and barn owls. In a word, all owls—as has been reiterated time after time—should be religiously preserved as the best friends of keeper, agriculturist and poultry-keeper.—J. W. B.

THE '410.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of August 13th your contributor "E. N." remarks: "The '410, very nearly the smallest of shot cartridges, has, in a gun suitably adapted to develop its powers, sufficient energy for the destruction of sparrows, and, under favourable circumstances, even rabbits." I think this is hardly giving the '410 its due, and as I have had considerable experience with weapons of this calibre perhaps you will allow me to state my experiences. It was with a '410 that I learned to shoot in the year 1889, and within the next year or two I killed with this gun, which had a single steel barrel (choked), partridges, pigeons, rabbits, rooks and hares, the range being anything up to twenty-eight yards or so. I always used brass "Perfect" cases, as a larger charge could be got into a case of this sort, and black powder. Many a time have I been out with this little gun and in the space of an hour shot more hares than I could carry home, my earliest exploits being undertaken in a country that swarmed with hares. The '410 is, I consider, a capital gun for a beginner, for it makes one hold straight, and one knows that long shots are out of the question. I never found that there was a tendency to wound one's game. The gun I used would also shoot a spherical bullet with very fair accuracy up to one hundred yards.—EAST SUSSEX.

LIGHTNING AND THE CROPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other afternoon I was passing a cornfield near here, where an old man was working, and as it was a gloriously fine day after several wet ones, I remarked that the sun was what was wanted for the crops, to which the old fellow replied, "Yes, sir; and the lightning last night was very good. A nice bit of lightning in August do ripen the wheat wonderful." I find on further enquiry that this is the general belief in this neighbourhood. Might I ask, through the medium of your most valuable paper, whether this is a universally accepted fact or whether it is merely a superstition, and if it is this latter, whether it is a local one or more widespread?—O. F. R. STRICKLAND, Cuddesdon College, Wheatley, Oxon.

THE BELFAST HOTEL FIRE AND ITS LESSONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The lamentable fire at the Kelvin Hotel, Belfast, once more emphasises the great necessity for efficient means of escape in all such premises. At the Coroner's enquiry it transpired that there were no fire appliances in the hotel, and that, except for the front and back doors, there were no means of escape from the building—a truly shocking state of affairs, seeing that six lives have been sacrificed. Yet there are many of our country houses where similar conditions obtain. Many owners either do not give the matter a moment's thought or else imagine that their place will never catch fire, or, if it should, they rely solely upon the fire brigade to put it out in time to save the lives and property of the inmates. On the same day as the Belfast disaster a fire attended with fatal results broke out at Menlough Castle, County Galway. One person perished in the flames, and two others were fatally injured through jumping from a window. Yet there is a simple, inexpensive and easily understood escape, by means of which these

lives could, no doubt, have been saved. I refer to the canvas chute. This apparatus has already been supplied to thousands of mansions, hotels and other buildings. It can be kept folded up in any room, adjusted in any window opening ready for use in a few seconds, and forms a rapid and safe means of descent for any number of persons. Except for a couple of hooks in the floor under the window opening, no fixtures are required.—J. COMPTON MERRYWEATHER.

ARMCHAIRS FOR SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Cayley, who is the tenant of Rutherford Lodge, fishing on the Tweed, has, with the aid of Willie Robson, the fisherman, been taking advantage of the very low state of the river this summer to improve some of the salmon pools by putting in large stones, some up to one ton in weight. The description of the work may be of interest to others anxious to improve their water. Many of the pools have become gravelled up, and consequently there was neither the necessary depth nor easy lie for the fish, causing them to move on up to more comfortable surroundings. Imagine a human being entering a bare, unfurnished room. Would he sit on the floor? It is more likely he would move on



RAISING STONES ON THE FLOAT.

in search of a more comfortable place. The accompanying photographs will demonstrate the way the work was done in its various stages. Many large stones were in some cases carted a considerable distance to the river, having been collected out of the agricultural land. Most of these stones were of black whinstone, and worn smooth either in the Ice Age or by the now departed river. These were tipped in shallow water in a suitable place, to raise again, with shear legs and blocks, on to a specially-constructed float (see the first photograph), which was then punted with poles to the part selected for them (photographs 2, 3 and 4). About three hundred stones, many as big as a lady's dress-box, have been put in this summer. These stones in a pool, if judiciously placed, answer a manifold purpose—they tend to deepen the water by causing the floods to sweep out smaller stones around them; they cause surface swirl and boils, and also keep the fish longer in the pools. Points and jetties are constantly being built out from the banks of salmon rivers with the idea of improving the pools, and it is rarely that these carry out the desired effect, and much more often than not do the very reverse to what is expected when the necessary flood has



A POSITION FOR THE STONE SELECTED.



GOING!

made the alteration which is pretty sure to take place. Large natural stones placed down the lie of the fish are far more effective, but care must be taken not to disperse the run of the water by spreading them too wide, according to the amount of stream or volume of water. In one pool last summer (1909) fifty-two stones were put in a part of a pool, with the consequence that the water was deepened from five feet to seven feet (summer level) at the part in which these stones were put, and not only that, but double the quantity of big stones are now to be seen in places which had been gravelled up. The trout-fishing on the Tweed has undoubtedly suffered of late years by the depredations of netting poachers, who are almost impossible to catch, so quietly can they work during the night, and, unfortunately, there is such a ready sale for trout that it has become necessary to scheme some preventive. The Rutherford water has been staked with iron pins driven into the gravel, pointing slightly up-stream and a few inches under the surface of the water in all nettable places. They cannot be detected. The result has been most noticeable, as not



GONE!

a single net-marked trout has been taken by the rod this season, whereas previously it was no uncommon thing to catch one or two marked trout a day; they have also been more numerous and of larger size. These pins are from two feet to two feet six inches long, and made out of any old iron hurdles or iron gates. They have caused no inconvenience to rod-fishing, and are all taken up at the end of the summer and replaced again in the spring. I believe a gang were interrupted a few days ago, with the result that one of them and, more important still, the net were captured. If only more of the waters of the Border rivers were systematically staked, the netting nuisance would soon be stopped, for both the trouble and expense are small.—A. B.

WHITE HEDGEHOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that four white hedgehogs have recently been found in this neighbourhood. My keeper came across a full-grown dead one in one of the coverts. Seeing no sign of injury, he concluded it had died from natural causes. In a wood two miles away from where the dead hedgehog was three live young ones were found. The finder took them home, but owing to improper feeding they all died. Can you inform me if white hedgehogs have been found elsewhere in Great Britain?—SIDNEY LLOYD, Rhagatt, Carrog, North Wales.

CHAR-FISHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a picture of rodmen on Windermere fishing for char, which dainty dish (fresh-potted char), renowned for generations in travellers' tales and old guide-books, came again into season on July 1st. The char, which is caught at great depth with lines heavily weighted with lead, is only found in a few lakes, notably Windermere and Coniston. It fetches up to two shillings and sixpence per pound in the cities, but only realises about one shilling and fourpence to the fishermen. The fish affords but little sport, but its delicate flavour and general excellence are sufficiently well established. One of the oldest of Windermere rodmen, Mr. John Bigland, was most enthusiastic over his catch, and showed little patience with the so-called angler who with little skill catches few fish and then writes to the papers to say the lake is played out. "Why," he said, "I've done finely to-day; all good 'uns—them's t' sort," as he displayed a beauty. Some rodmen fix a small bell to the top of their rods to warn them of a bite; not so old John: he "wad ha' nowt tae du wi' sich-like contraptions." But there is small doubt the bell is vastly useful to a man with several rods out. John was only sorry we were too late to land a seven-pound salmon for him, which, unfortunately, broke his tackle.—C. B. WOODLEY.



FISHING FOR CHAR ON WINDERMERE.

instance, this year I found two clutches of linnet's eggs (five each), both of which were the colour of skim milk, without any markings whatsoever; and last summer I saw a clutch of yellow-hammer's eggs of a pure, spotless white. I have heard, too, of pure white lark's eggs. All these cases of aberration are, of course, traceable to a complete absence of pigment in the bird's oviduct, and are merely analogous to albinism and marked blonde types in human beings and other animals.—JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

"BLUE" EGGS IN NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to one of your correspondents in your issue of August 6th with regard to the blue-grounded egg he found in a common tern's nest, permit me to say that with certain species especially this abnormal type of egg is not so very uncommon. I have seen it myself (one egg out of the clutch) in the case of common and Arctic tern; and in almost every colony of black-headed gulls there is one pair at least which habitually produces one blue-grounded egg to a "set," while a whole clutch of blue eggs with this bird is by no means as rare as many people imagine. The common peewit, too, sometimes indulges in a blue or pale green grounded egg, and to go to the gulls again for a moment, most of them are occasionally answerable for at any rate a bluish egg in a nest. And even in the case of those species whose universal habit it is to lay blue or green grounded eggs, it is quite usual to find one egg in a nest more distinctly blue or green (as the case may be) than the rest. In the case of those birds which, customarily producing brown-mottled eggs, sometimes lay a blue or green one or more, it is evidently a question of want of pigment in the oviduct; and in this connection it is well worth noticing that these "freaks" are generally, if marked at all, far inferior to the normal type in the richness of their mottlings and spots. Probably, too, this occasional blue egg is first cousin, so to say, to the white egg or eggs found occasionally in the nests of those birds whose custom it is to produce coloured ones. I have seen quite a number of these "sports" or "albinos," sometimes but an egg or two in a clutch, sometimes the whole "set." For



DEVOTION.

THE STORY OF TWO SWANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose photograph of two hen swans one of which built a nest in which both have laid eggs. As there is no cock bird, the eggs are all infertile, but both hens have been sitting in the most devoted manner, and as there is not room on the eggs for both at once, they have made the amicable arrangement shown in the picture.—A. B.

OWLETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On Sunday last I met with an instance of how our rare and useful birds are destroyed. For years past the hoot of an owl had been a rarity in the district where I reside; then we had a visit from a fine old hooter. It was a pleasure to see it flying about in the twilight, and then a little later it took up its residence in an old hollow elm on a neighbouring farmer's land. On Sunday morning I happened to meet three country labourers each with an owl in his hand. The down was just being replaced by the feathers, and certainly they looked rather uncommon. What were they going to do with them? Oh, just take them home, feed them until the down came off, then kill them and have them stuffed and put in a case. I pleaded for the life of the owlets, pointed out their utility, how they killed rats, and what it would cost to have the bird stuffed and properly mounted. One of the labourers then remarked, "And do you think they do ketch rats?" "Why, certainly." "Well, if they do, I won't kill mine. Would ye mind, sir, if ye took un back to the nest?" "Certainly I will." So I saved one life out of the three. As I did so I reflected and began to consider whether it can be such hard times with the agricultural labourers in England when they have money to spend on the unremunerative result of stuffed owlets, and thus helping to deprive the district of some of its best vermin-catchers.—ELDRÉD WALKER.

THE HOME OF ELEVEN

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One hears a good deal about the inadequate housing of the poorer classes, insanitary conditions leading to ill-health, and so on; but please look at the enclosed photograph. It is of a tiny stone cottage roofed with thatch. The place looked so very small that I asked the two old people how they contrived to live in such a place? "Lor, Miss!" exclaimed the wife, "the place be all right; it used to be a bit of a tight fit sometime when all eleven were at home! There ain't much wrong wid it, seeing 'ow I's reared eleven an' they're all alive 'cept two as 'as died since they got married an' left ere. No," she went on, "they never 'ad a day's illness, 'cept measles once, an' that they needn't 'ave 'ad! Yes, it's a grand healthy spot; the e ain't no such lads as mine in the county. See, there goes Jack down the road!" and she pointed to a great strong man swinging along beside a waggon. Now this little house has but three rooms, all on the ground floor, and, as you will notice, what windows there are are not open. But what can one say in the face of the fact, "She'd reared eleven!"—FRANCES PITT.



WHERE ELEVEN WERE REARED.

